The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February, *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Next month we shall issue with The Bookman a reproduction of Mr. Hole's etching of "Jess" in 'A Window in Thrums.'

Owing to the Christmas holidays, we have been obliged to go to press early and to omit a number of lists of books, books wanted, sold, etc. Next month we hope to make up for this. Correspondents will greatly help us by sending their communications as early in the month as possible, and not later than the 20th.

A paragraph has been going the round of the American papers in which it is stated that Mr. Hardy has been "sick unto death," and that great efforts have been made to keep the fact secret. There is no truth in the story. Mr. Hardy is quite well, and the only illness he has had this year was a slight chill, caught in the early autumn by driving across the downs in the rain, which confined him to his room for a week.

Apropos of a recent novel, and in view of the growing familiarity of the word "Wessex"—which in a late review is alluded to as a country possessing a peculiar "charm" for the scene of a story—it may be well to remember that Wessex as a modern region, with its contemporary life and scenery, has no existence outside Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels. The first use of the word in fiction occurred in the pages of 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' which ran through the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1874, and from the vague conception that most people had of the boundaries of the kingdom referred to—at that time at least—it was well suited to the writer's purpose, which has been systematically followed out in all his succeeding stories, where we find the included counties particularised as "North Wessex," "South Wessex," "Mid-Wessex," and by other sub-divisions.

Messrs. Harper apparently found Mr. Dumaurier's 'Peter Ibbetson' very much to their liking, for they have commissioned him to write and illustrate a new novel, for which, we understand, they are paying twice as much as they did for its predecessor.

We are glad to learn that Mr. J. Bernard Partridge is to illustrate some of Mr. Stevenson's 'New Arabian Nights.' It is surprising that such a good opportunity should have been so long unused, but the right man has been found for it at last.

We have been endeavouring to find out the exact figures as to the average American payment to English authors. The average royalty paid to a well-known novelist is ten per cent. with something to account. The highest sum we have heard of is £650. It is doubtful whether this particular venture has proved remunerative, but in some cases fifteen per cent. and even more has been given. It should be observed that liberal promises do not always mean payment.

A very popular writer has for some time thought of becoming his own publisher, and is taking practical steps for that purpose. He will not, however, publish under his own name, nor will he confine his publications to his own books.

Another series of Mr. Ruskin's letters is now being privately printed. They range from 1870 to 1874, and were addressed to a gentleman who, during that period, was in frequent business relations with his correspondent. Although primarily business letters they contain much matter of literary interest, including estimates of Thomas Carlyle and Mr. W. H. Mallock. Too slight to be given to the general public, they are, nevertheless, quite worth printing. They are being edited by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, of 52, Ashley Road, N., who has obtained permission from the owner and from Mr. Ruskin to print them. The volume is being choicely printed on Whatman's hand-made paper, and appropriately bound, and the issue is limited to thirty copies.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise's important 'Bibliography of the writings in Prose and Verse of John Ruskin, LL.D.,' is now happily approaching completion. This magnificent work is among the best bibliographies in any language. When it was commenced in September, 1889, Mr. Wise hoped to complete it in eight parts. He stipulated, however, that he was at liberty to exceed that number should he find it impossible to compress into such compass the very considerable quantity of material available. When the eight parts were completed, he issued a note, intimating that the original estimate was already greatly exceeded, but that, judging from the expressions of approval which he continued to receive, he thought no subscriber would object to the extension of the number of parts. He modestly called attention to the extra pages he had given at considerable cost in parts 5, 6, 7, and 8. The subscribers were well con-

tent to have the work extended on such lines, and now the fifteenth part has been issued. The whole work is a most desirable possession, and is in every external as well as internal respect satisfactory. Two hundred and fifty copies have been issued to subscribers. The fifteenth part closes with a full and thorough list of important criticisms of Ruskin. So far 1025 examples are specified, and this brings us up to October, 1884.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has no intention of at present returning to this country, is still busy revising his new volume of short stories. It is expected that it will contain one or two which have not previously appeared in serial form.

The writer of the recent brilliant volume of the "Pseudonym Library," 'A Splendid Cousin,' who writes under the name of Mrs. Andrew Dean, is understood to be Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

There is still preserved an interesting memento of the friendship which for many years existed between Carlyle and Robert Browning. This relic is a copy of the original edition of 'Bells and Pomegranates' (now a considerable rarity), given by the poet to the historian, and having upon the wrapper of part viii. (containing 'Luria' and 'The Soul's Tragedy') the following autograph inscription: "Thomas Carlyle, Esq., with R. B.'s affectionate respect and regard." This treasured volume was purchased by its present owner shortly after Carlyle's death in 1881.

An *édition de luxe* of James Thomson's 'City of Dreadful Night' is to be printed by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine.

We are glad to say that Mr. William Watson's friends confidently anticipate his speedy recovery. The mental aberration, which came to a crisis at Windsor, had not been unheralded, and did not take those who have seen much of Mr. Watson recently greatly by surprise. In these cases it is unfortunate that currency should be given to all his sayings. We may mention, in particular, the extensively circulated story that his insanity is due to disputes with his publishers. So far from this being the case, as we can certify personally, Mr. Watson up to a very recent period was on terms of cordial friendship with them, and believed that they had done him great service. It is a new thing for critics to be accused of driving authors mad by their praises, but if any critics are to blame for the eulogy of Mr. Watson, they are the staid and sober editors of the *Spectator*.

Mr. James Watson, of New York, a brother of Mr. William Watson, informed a *Tribune* reporter that he thought at first that the £200 had been offered to his brother by Mr. Gladstone as a sop to put off his claims to the Laureateship. He immediately cabled, "Hope you decline to be bought off," and received the following reply, "Have accepted Mr. Gladstone's offer, which does not preclude further action, but was dictated by entirely generous and public-spirited motives."

The change in the government of the Society of Authors, by which Sir Frederick Pollock succeeds Mr. Walter Besant, seems a fit opportunity for urging a new departure. A member of the society, in the *Daily Chronicle* of Monday, December 19th, justly complains that the members have no voice in choosing their chairman. He might have gone further. The members, as we understand, have no voice in choosing their Council or their executive committee. There are, it is said, 877 members of the Society, but their names are not printed, and they are, of course, largely unknown to one another. The society will never be on a satisfactory footing till it governs itself. The list of members should be printed, and a certain proportion of the Council ought to be elected every year by direct nomination of the members. Further, there ought to be a private conference of the Society at which the delicate and important matters which so often emerge in its business might be freely, frankly, and courteously discussed. At present there is no meeting except the annual gathering, which many members find it impossible to attend, and the programme for which is more or less cut and dried. The result is a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction. Now that the Authors' Club provides a proper meeting-place there seems no reason why these conferences should not be immediately promoted. It is no secret that the members of the Council who attended the meeting called to choose a President were dissatisfied to find that the business had practically been done before by the Committee. Although Mr. Hall Caine brought forward Mr. Ruskin's name, as he was well entitled to do, neither he nor anyone else objected to Mr. Meredith's appointment. But what would have been a cordial and spontaneous tribute was certainly robbed in some measure of its grace by being practically taken out of the Council's hands.

The eccentricities of Mr. Barrie's American publishers are very great. They have issued two special editions of 'The Little Minister,' one known as the *édition de luxe* and the other as the Kirriemuir edition. The first is printed on large paper, but is otherwise apparently identical with the second. This contains the story not in the author's final form, but in the *Good Words* version. The etchings are from *Good Words*, and are appropriated without a word of acknowledgment. To each is prefixed a literary and biographical portrait of Mr. Barrie, which is an almost verbatim reprint of the *British Weekly* "Extra" on the subject, although there is not the faintest allusion to this. The publishers, who do business under different names, but are in reality the well-known firm of Lovell, purchased the American copyright for a mere trifle, and boast that they have sold 50,000 copies of the book.

Another enterprising American firm have without permission taken a few of Mr. Barrie's newspaper articles, and issued them in a book entitled 'A Holiday in Bed, and other Papers.'

The Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, F.S.A., who contributes this month a review of the life of his old friend George Gilfillan, was a student under David Scott, R.S.A., to whom, on his death-bed in March, 1849, he wrote the lines quoted by W. Bell Scott in the memoir of his brother:

"Mourn not, art worshipper, thy fading years."

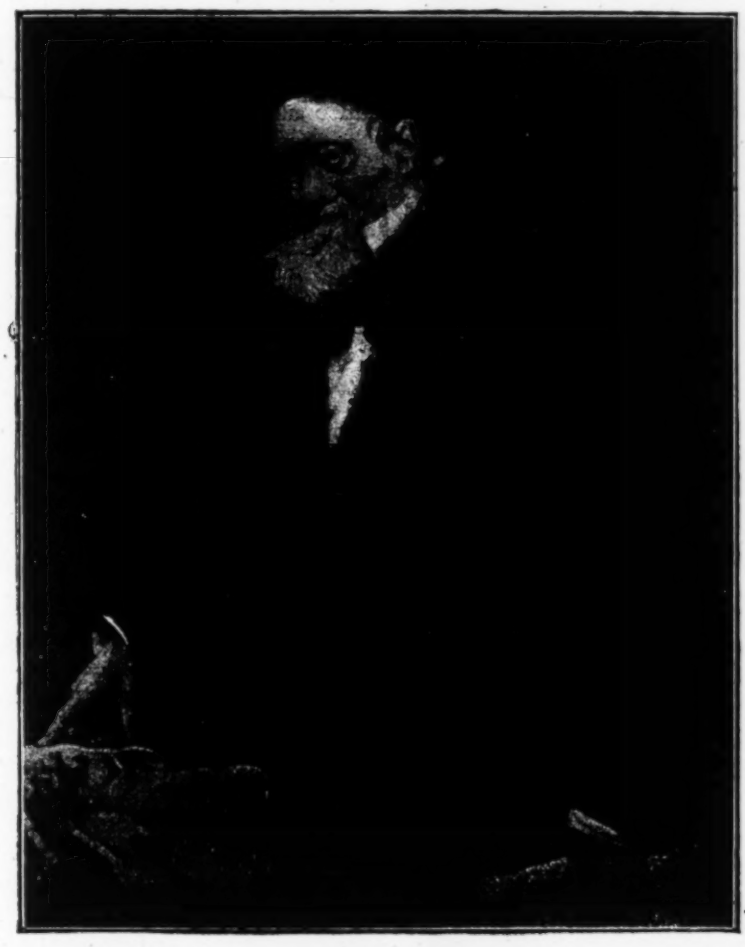
Mr. Ebsworth was also a friend of W. B. Scott, and has read with indignation recent attacks on him. He quotes

from 'Tristram of Lyonesse' the following lines of Mr. Swinburne on W. B. S.:

> . . . "And now your gift, a giver's kingly souled,
> Dear old fast friend, whose honours grow not old,
> Now seventy strenuous years have crown'd my friend,
> Shines not less bright his full-sheaved harvest home."

We stated last month that the title of Mr. Blackmore's new story was to be 'The Pearly Cross.' Our contemporary, the *Publishers' Circular*, corrected us by saying that the title was 'Perly Cross.' It has since corrected itself by saying that the name should have been printed as one word, 'Perlycross.' We hope it is right at last.

Many books have been published on the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, but the subject is still far from being exhausted. Mr. John Skelton, who has given much serious study to the subject, will shortly publish, through Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co., a work of great historic interest, which will take the form of a defence of the beautiful, but unhappy Queen. The work will embrace portraits of Mary Stuart at different periods of her life, also portraits of many members of the French Court, and of the leading English statesmen of the period. The portraits and illustrations are reproduced from originals lent especially for the work by Her Majesty the Queen, the French Government, the Marquis of Salisbury, and others. The book is the most important yet announced for the spring season, and will consist of an *édition de luxe* on Japanese paper limited to 200 copies at £8. The ordinary edition will not be ready until the autumn.



SIR RICHARD OWEN.

Sir Richard Owen, whose death, after a long and eminent career, is now announced, was less distinguished in literature than some scientific men of a later epoch. His work as a whole belongs rather to science, yet scattered here and there may be found some eloquent and even brilliant passages.

The indefatigable Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson writes home that he is engaged on a new story to follow 'David Balfour.' The scene is to be laid in Scotland.

Mr. W. H. Mallock has just prepared for the press a new volume of poems.

Mr. Huxley looks years younger since he changed his residence from London to Eastbourne. When he is not paying flying visits to town, where he frequents the Athenæum and other abodes of learning, Mr. Huxley may be very frequently found in his country garden, deep in the pursuit of horticulture, in which he has developed a great interest.

Methuen and Co. announce a new novel by Richard Pryce, the author of 'Miss Maxwell's Affections,' for publication early in the New Year. It is called 'The Time and the Woman.'

At the suggestion of some of his friends, Mr. Walter Besant has decided to put his most popular book on London into such a form as will make it suitable for use as a reader in schools.

The February number of *Temple Bar* will contain a short story by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, the author of 'A Village Tragedy.'

The next volume in Walter Scott's International Humour Series will be 'The Humour of America,' edited by James Barr, who also edited 'American Humorous Verse' for the same firm.

'Novel Notes,' by Jerome K. Jerome, will be published early in the New Year by Field and Tuer in this country, and the Cassell Publishing Co. in America. The volume will be fully illustrated.

An interesting marriage is announced in London literary circles, that of Miss Emily Bradley, daughter of the Dean of Westminster, whose 'Life of Arabella Stuart' called forth the praise of Froude and Lecky, to Mr. Frederick Murray Smith, the junior partner of the well-known publishing firm, Smith and Elder. The bride-elect is the sister of Mrs. Woods, the authoress of 'The Village Tragedy.' She was a playmate of the little girl for whom Lewis Carroll wrote 'Alice in Wonderland,' and has lived all her life in a literary and intellectual circle. The wedding will take place next spring in Westminster Abbey. Miss Bradley is anxious to finish before that time a book on which she is at present engaged.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly issue a new story, from the pen of Mr. Christie Murray, entitled 'A Wasted Crime.' The same firm has in the press a new volume of short stories by Mr. Bret Harte.

Scotch. The literary sensation in Scotland during the month has been the exposure of the Burns forgeries, carried out with signal courage, ability, and success by Mr. Alexander Riach, editor of the Edinburgh *Evening Dispatch*. One notable feature of the correspondence was the evidence it supplied of the large literary culture which exists in Scotland. We may perhaps add that the facsimile of Burns which we published last January, was submitted before publication to the authorities of the British Museum, and to Mr. W. Craibe Angus, of Glasgow, who has taken a leading part in exposing the forgeries.

Welsh. Mr. Isaac Foulkes, of Liverpool, has in the press a novel entitled 'Owen Rees,' a story of Welsh life and thought, by Eliezer Roberts. The scene is laid in Liverpool, and the book gives lively delineations of Welsh life and thought, chiefly in their religious aspect.

Journalists. Mr. Julian Hawthorne sends to the New York *Critic* a notice of Mr. Richard Halkett Lord, who died at the Tavistock Hotel, London, on November 19th. Lord was once on the staff of *Punch*, and he edited for several years the *Book Mart*. In his early manhood he founded and successfully conducted a colonial newspaper, and he spent eight years in America, four of them beneath Mr. Heinemann's roof.

It seems pretty certain that the much talked of *Home Magazine* will see the light about March. Mr. Clark Russell will write the serial story.

The proprietors of *Black and White* have apparently come to the conclusion that a serial has advantages over the short one complete in one issue, and they have secured a long novel for the new year.

The new editor of the *Art Journal*, Mr. D. Croal Thomson, has made arrangements for an important series of articles, commencing with the January number, on the recently acquired Henry Tate collection of pictures. Many illustrations will be given of the most important painting by living British artists, also articles descriptive of the National Gallery of British Art shortly to be erected in London by Mr. Tate.

Booksellers. One of the features of the past season has been the growing demand for large paper copies and first editions of important works. Collectors of these editions have of recent years been largely on the increase, and the demand has assumed proportions quite out of keeping with the numbers printed. This demand has caused several books to be out of print before publication, notably in the case of Austin Dobson's 'Ballad of Beau Brocade,' illustrated by Hugh Thomson, a first edition of 3,000 copies being subscribed for weeks before it was issued. A first edition of 1,000 copies of Hawthorne's 'Wonder Book,' illustrated by Walter Crane, was all disposed of by the day of publication. Of Andrew Lang's 'Green Fairy Book' a large first edition of nearly 10,000 copies has been sold. These demands testify to the growing interest in first editions by authors and artists of repute.

Mr. Heinemann has written to the *Athenæum* setting forth the need of a Publishers' Union. Such a company is necessary, he thinks, first, in order to abolish or regulate the discount system; second, in order to protect publishers against the extravagant demands of authors, these authors being instigated, in Mr. Heinemann's opinion, by the Authors' Society. So far as the discount system is concerned, everyone will agree with him. But the difficulty is to see how a Publishers' Union could take effective steps. If publishers in all cases dealt direct with customers it would be possible to close accounts with those convicted of underselling. But so long as booksellers are supplied by the wholesale houses how can they be interfered with? If one wholesale house were to begin to try and govern its customers, another would start up which would leave them free. Any practical suggestion, however, that would abate the evils felt by all bookmen would be welcomed with unanimity and enthusiasm.

As for the demands of authors, it would seem as if publishers must protect themselves. There are a very few authors, perhaps a dozen, for whom there is competition. Some publishers think it worth while to have these authors on their list even though they positively lose by their books. Their calculation is that other books on profitable terms are attracted thereby, and that the standing of the firm is increased. It may be doubted whether it is a sound view, but so long as very high royalties are paid by leading firms the thing must go on. After all, the complaint does not apply to many authors, and we doubt whether even the best paid among living writers receives so much as was paid to George Eliot, to Dickens, and to Anthony Trollope.

Continental. M. Cherbuliez's new novel, 'Le Secret du Précepteur,' is beginning its course in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

An interesting artistic biography is announced by Seuff of Leipsic, 'Anton Rubinstein, ein Künstlerleben,' by E. Zabel.

Some unpublished letters of M. Emile Zola relating to his novel of 'Germinal' are published in *L'Art et L'Idee*. They are addressed to Dr. ten Brink, of Leyden, and to M. Kolff, a Dutch man of letters. As showing how seriously M. Zola considers the meaning and tendencies of his works, they are full of interest.

His explanation of the title of 'Germinal' is, "What is germinating in the earth, the growth of the society of the future, the inevitable revolution which is bound one day to transform our present society."

He expresses himself as strongly socialistic. "The whole future is contained in the word *socialism*." "Take note that I consider the popular movement generous and human. It is the march of the people towards the ideal." But 'Germinal' he declares, in a letter in the *Figaro* in 1885, "is a book meant to inspire pity, not revolution. I wished to draw tears from every eye before this picture of the miserable existence of these pariahs."

'Germinal,' he thinks, had little influence, however, in labour circles. "Socialist agitators," he believes, "feel, as a rule, a hearty scorn for literature."

M. Loti's sentiment loves occasionally to hover round real personages. Carmen Sylva is the latest object of his dreamy adoration, in the sketch he has begun in the *Nouvelle Revue*, called 'Une Exilée.' M. Loti of the high seas or of Paimpol, is to be preferred to M. Loti, the courtier at Bucharest, the attendant of exiled majesty at Venice, and the sketch will not add to his literary reputation. But there are in it a few personal details of Carmen Sylva and her court two years ago that are of real interest.

The Queen's interesting and unhappy maid-of-honour, Mademoiselle Helen Vacaresco, he describes as "a little person who seemed to be insignificant at first sight, but whose charm of mind soon made itself felt. Her surface wit and gaiety are childlike, but beneath these is a mind of a remarkably complicated order. Her head is a little turned perhaps by her literary success and her rapid fortune. She is probably ambitious, but then that is very natural; and she is capable of good and kindly and charitable impulses."

The Queen read him the MS. of her sacred 'Livre de l'Ame'—which will probably never be published—in a gondola in Venice. M. Loti is polite, but guardedly polite, about Carmen Sylva's literary work, of those "poems, thoughts, novels, and dramas always conceived at fever heat, written in extreme haste." Some of these, he believes, "reach sublime greatness," but others, he courteously suggests, would be better to be revised very thoroughly by a cold-blooded editor.

Under the auspices of the Bibliothèque National there will be published, early in the year, a work of much interest to bibliophiles, 'Les Relieurs Français' (1500-1800). The author is M. Ernest Thoinau. The work, which has entailed enormous labour, will contain (1) the history of the Paris Society of the binder's craft, and an account of the conditions under which it has been carried on from the 16th to the 19th centuries; (2) a study of the various styles of binding; and (3) biographies of a very large number of French binders, many of them obscure and forgotten, but all of them important in the history of their craft.

Another Stendhal volume is announced, 'Souvenirs d'Egotisme, Autobiographie, et Lettres Inédites" (Charpentier et Fasquelle). The editor, M. Casimir Stryienski, has gathered the most of the matter from manuscripts of Stendhal in the Grenoble Library.

M. Louis Leger, of the College of France, has written a study of Russian literature—'La Littérature Russe' (Armand Colin)—in which he reviews the whole field of his subject from the Chronicle of Nestor to Dostoïeffsky.

The *Nouvelle Revue* publishes in the current number the first act of Ibsen's new play, "Halvard Solness." The translation is by Count Prozor, who has done much to extend Ibsen's popularity in France.

A novel of a curious and morbid character will shortly commence in one of the Parisian monthlies. It is called 'Misères Royales,' and describes under a thin veil of fictitious names the intrigues of the Roumanian Court, and more particularly the trials and sorrows of "Carmen Sylva." It is said to be written by a lady connected with the Court, and the incidents of recent events form a part of the story.

Léon Daudet, the literary son of the great novelist, has scored a great success with his study of heredity, 'Hœres.' He has already begun another novel with a purpose, which will be called 'Le Prophète.' 'The Master,' for such would be its English title, is the history of a literary man who founds a new School. The scene will be laid in a country unknown to our maps, the city described being a kind of glorified Paris.

M. Emile Zola has actually been betrayed into filling up the responses in a confession book. The following answers are of interest, for they show the human side of the author of 'Nana' and 'La Débacle.' The qualities which he prefers respectively in a man and woman are good-nature and tenderness. His favourite occupation is "work," yet his ideal of happiness is "doing nothing." He considers "health" as the greatest of all blessings, and dreads nothing so much as "religious doubt." He prefers "red" to any other colour; "the rose" is his favourite flower. He feels himself "most in want of eloquence"; he would "like to die suddenly"; and his device is "*Nulla dies sine linea*." Zola, by the way, is back hard at work in Paris, and for the present he will not receive any strange visitors. The study in which the major part of his novels have been written looks more like a chapel than a workroom. Hung with the rarest tapestries and fifteenth century panels of old Breton

saints, the light is filtered in through deep stained-glass windows, which throw a dim religious light over the black writing-table and high carved chair. It is said that he is sure of a place in the French Academy this time.

Madame Juliette Adam is seriously thinking of proposing herself for the French Academy, incited thereto, it is said, by Mrs. Potter Palmer and a number of American ladies whom she has lately been seeing about the Women's Department of the World's Fair. The editress of the *Nouvelle Revue* holds a unique place in her country; she is popular with all parties, and is said to have contributed more than anyone else to the cordial relations now existing between France and Russia. Should the Immortals ever think of admitting women among themselves, there is no doubt that they would choose Madame Adam to open the way for her literary sisters. But the Parisian world of letters is hardly ripe enough for such an innovation.

Baron Tauchnitz has purchased Sir John Lubbock's new book, 'The Beauties of Nature.' The volume will be one of the very few illustrated volumes in the series.

American. Mr. F. Marion Crawford is lecturing in America under the auspices of Major Pond. He is described by the Boston *Literary World* as "a tall man of thirty-five, with a frank good-humoured face, a black moustache, a nose almost Greek in its outline, red cheeks that suggest plenty of English roast beef, and with the high stooping shoulders of the traditional student."

Mr. Crawford, in reply to a question with regard to his methods of work, said:—"I have no moods. After I begin a novel I write all day, and day after day, until I finish it. Do I find the strain of writing so long exhausting? O, habit makes one used to it. My plan of constructing a novel is very mechanical, consequently very unromantic; but mechanics are often useful in the arts. For example, I first conceive an idea for a story. Sometimes this is a philosophical thought or an epigrammatic remark which I work out in the form of fiction. Then my plot shapes itself in my mind. Then I arrange it in a series of chapters—about a dozen of five thousand words each if it is to be a short novel; many more, of course, if it is to be a narrative, a three-volume novel. Suppose my novel is to be of twelve chapters. The first three chapters prepare the ground; the sixth or seventh contains the first climax—the lovers' quarrel, perhaps, or a murder or some such dramatic episode. The remaining chapters work up to the grand climax, or the *finale* at the end of the book. I never revise my manuscript, and I make very few changes in proof."

In reply to the question whether he thought America afforded the novelist as good material as Europe, Mr. Crawford replied in the affirmative. He thought that the Northern races were more emotional than the Southern. "The Italian shows all the feeling he has, and that feeling is merely superficial. An Italian can cheat another Italian, but no one else. . . . I must say, however, that I have been struck by the difference between the great writers of distinction of America and those of Europe that I have had the good fortune to meet. The American writers seem to lack the superabundant vitality of the Europeans, and to be inclined somewhat to the melancholic temperament. Tennyson, Browning, and Renan were all men of great physical vigour and light-heartedness. I once had the pleasure of spending a day with Tennyson. He was full of jollity. He smoked a pipe and sipped whisky and water all day long; and he amused us by reading jocular references to his latest poem from American newspapers. He fairly roared over them."

Mr. R. L. Garner writes from the French Congo that, though he has not been long enough in the country to make a definite report on his further investigations into the Simion tongue, he is greatly encouraged, and has collected some valuable data.

Mr. Francis Parkman, the eminent American historian, has been very ill. He is now in advanced age.

NOTES.

A GOOD HATER.

I submit that the usual interpretation of Dr. Johnson's phrase, "a good hater"—viz., a hearty hater—is wrong. Looking at the context in Mrs. Piozzi's anecdotes, I find: "On this day he said to me Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content; he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater." What Dr. Johnson evidently meant was, not that Bathurst hated with a will, but that he hated with discrimination.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

QUERIES.

(1) The *Spectator*, October 10th, 1868, in an article on the magazines, says that the *National Review* invented the word "padding" as a description of a certain class of magazine articles. Can a reference be given to the place in the *National Review*? E. S.

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(2) BULWER LYTTON'S LINES ON O'CONNELL. In the first Lord Lytton's poem, 'The New Timon,' there is a character of O'Connell which closes with a description of him as

> First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
> "Rebellion's art is never to rebel,
> Elude all dangers, but defy all laws"—
> He stands himself the Safe Sublime he draws.

Is not this last line borrowed, or adapted, from an older one, which, I think, ran somewhat thus:

> "He is himself the Great Sublime he draws"?

Perhaps some of your readers can enlighten me.—SCOTUS.

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(3) I should be greatly obliged by the address of D. F. Blomfield, the author of a rondel beginning "Love tho' I die." It appeared in a book entitled 'Ballades and Rondeaux,' published by Walter Scott.—E. MCMICHAEL.

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(4) Who was the author of a book entitled 'Edinburgh Dissected,' published about 1857?

AUTHORS WANTED—

'Parisian Sights and French Principles Seen through American Spectacles.' Crown 8vo. Published 1853. (Clark Beeton, 70, Fleet-street.)

'Crockford House.' A Rhapsody in two Cantos. 'A Rhymer in Rome.' 12mo. Published 1827. (Jno. Murray, Albemarle-street.)

POETRY.

VERY FAR OFF.

Sigh, sigh, storm-rifted,
O branch-fretted wood-roof, sigh,
For sere grow your alleys o'erwhirled
With the emerald mists of May,
Where deep, deep drifted
Must many a chill wreath lie,
Ere a sprinkled light buds, pearled
In the lily-bells' array.

Grieve, grieve, unchidden,
O lover of dear lost days,
For joy, if indeed it shall be,
Ever tarries afar, afar,
And hope bides hidden
From sorrowful eyes that gaze
O'er a surging of the sea
To the stillness of a star.

JANE BARLOW.

THE READER.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

CONCLUSION.

Lewes and the 'Leader'—His early recognition of Alexander Smith and James Hannay—His unfinished novel, 'The Apprenticeship of Life'—Lewes and George Eliot—His Life of Goethe and books on natural science—His scientific originality and Darwin's references to him—His editorship of the 'Fortnightly Review' and its early history—'The Problems of Life and Mind'—Anecdotes of George Eliot.

LEWES'S contributions to the *Leader* greatly aided its successful start. Literature, domestic and foreign, the drama and the stage, science at home and abroad, he handled with a versatility, vivacity and verve which in their combination were unique in the journalism of the day. If the intellectual independence which he exhibited exposed him to the charge of attacking established reputations, it helped him to urge the claims which gifted young authors, as yet unknown to fame, possessed to recognition. The 'Life Drama' of Alexander Smith, then a young man of one-and-twenty, a pattern designer in Glasgow, had not even been published as a whole, but was appearing piecemeal in the columns of the *Criti.*, when time after time Lewes drew attention, which it might not otherwise have received, to the beauties and felicities of its diction, in one of those *causeries* in literature which he was the first to prefix to the ordinary reviews of books. James Hannay's earliest novel, 'Singleton Fontenoy,' was by no critic welcomed so warmly as by the keen-sighted Lewes, who at once pronounced it to be a "remarkable work," displaying "the exuberance of youth and the promise of a ripe maturity."

The unremembered but striking contribution of Lewes to the *Leader* spoken of in last month's BOOKMAN was a fragment of a novel which, had he finished it, might have been his one successful work of fiction. The desire to be original, generally perceptible in Lewes's writings of every kind, is rather conspicuous in 'The Apprenticeship of Life.' In modern fiction, from Miss Jewsbury's 'Zoe' to Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere,' when the religious belief of the hero is transformed, he is made generally to pass from Faith to Doubt. Lewes's hero undergoes the reverse operation. Armand is a young Frenchman, whose father, a Baron of the Restoration, having been fed on Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, is a fanatical freethinker. Brought up in his father's creed, or no creed, Armand has zealously adopted it, when he is converted to Christianity, though of a somewhat vague kind. The chief agent in his conversion is a meditative, eloquent, and persuasive Greek. Lewes took his Stavros Frangipolo (σταυρός being old Greek for the Cross) from a deceased friend of his and mine, Stavros Dilberoglue, a young Greek merchant settled in Manchester at the time of Lewes's visit. Cultivated and thoughtful, Dilberoglue was a man of singular refinement. A great friend of Miss Jewsbury, he became through her a great friend of Mrs. Carlyle. There were obviously frequent references to him and to his friendship with Lewes in the originals of Miss Jewsbury's recently-published letters to Mrs. Carlyle. But the editress of those letters has, *more suo*, suppressed his name, and all that survives of him in them is a meaningless ——. The proceeding was unnecessary, not to say provoking, since Dilberoglue has long been dead, and was a most interesting as well as irreproachable member of the Jewsbury circle. He deserved not obliteration but notice from an editress who has also been a biographer of Mrs. Carlyle, since he was the donor to Mrs. Carlyle of her little canine favourite Nero, who figures so frequently in her correspondence.

To return, however, to the hero of Lewes's novel. On account of his conversion to Christianity, Armand is almost driven from his home. He finds accidentally a refuge in the house of a lady cousin, a fascinating widow of means. They love each other and are married, but they do not "live happy ever after." In course of time Armand falls in love with some one else. Seeing with sorrow the painful struggle in his breast between duty and inclination, his wife considerately effaces herself by pretending to commit suicide in order to set him free, while in reality she becomes a Sister of Charity. In the chapter in which this episode is narrated there is broached a theory of wedlock the laxity of which perhaps indirectly elucidates the catastrophe in Lewes's domestic life which occurred not long after this fragment of a fiction was published. Whether the hero committed unconscious bigamy by marrying again while his first wife, though supposed to be dead, was alive, remains uncertain. He migrates to Paris, anxious to play an active part in the anti-Bourbon movement which preceded the Revolution of 1830. There are some very striking descriptions of the plots and plotters of that eventful time. But the story ends abruptly just when it was beginning to be most interesting, and when 'The Apprenticeship of Life,' Lewes had announced, was about to be developed into 'The Initiation of Work.'

The *Leader* had a very fair circulation, and thus and otherwise might have become self-supporting, but this never happened, and it is remembered as one of the extinct possibilities of journalism. Lewes himself gave up his

literary editorship of the *Leader*, though without ceasing to be a contributor to it, soon after the formation of that domestic partnership with George Eliot which continued until the close of his life. They went abroad together, and Lewes inspected Weimar and its neighbourhood, diligently hunting up traits and anecdotes of Goethe for his biography of the great German, which appeared in the following year, and very much strengthened his literary position. I was not in London when it appeared, but I wrote elsewhere a review of it which gratified him. On meeting him when I returned to town, I asked him what he was doing, and he replied, "Investigating the cilia of the snail." Then and for several years he was very much occupied with scientific pursuits, producing among other books his interesting and agreeable 'Sea-side Studies' and 'Studies in Animal Life.' The latter book was reprinted from the first six numbers of the *Cornhill*, its insertion in which appears to have gone rather against the grain with Thackeray, whose tastes lay not at all in that direction. Writing on science, whether for the many or the few, Lewes, as usual, aimed at being original, attacking other people's theories and broaching novelties of his own. Some of these seem to have been in time accepted by scientific experts. Certain it is that, in the last edition of the 'Origin of Species,' Darwin quoted him with approval, and conceded to be "possible" the truth of Lewes's hypothesis that at the first commencement of life on our planet many different forms of life were evolved.

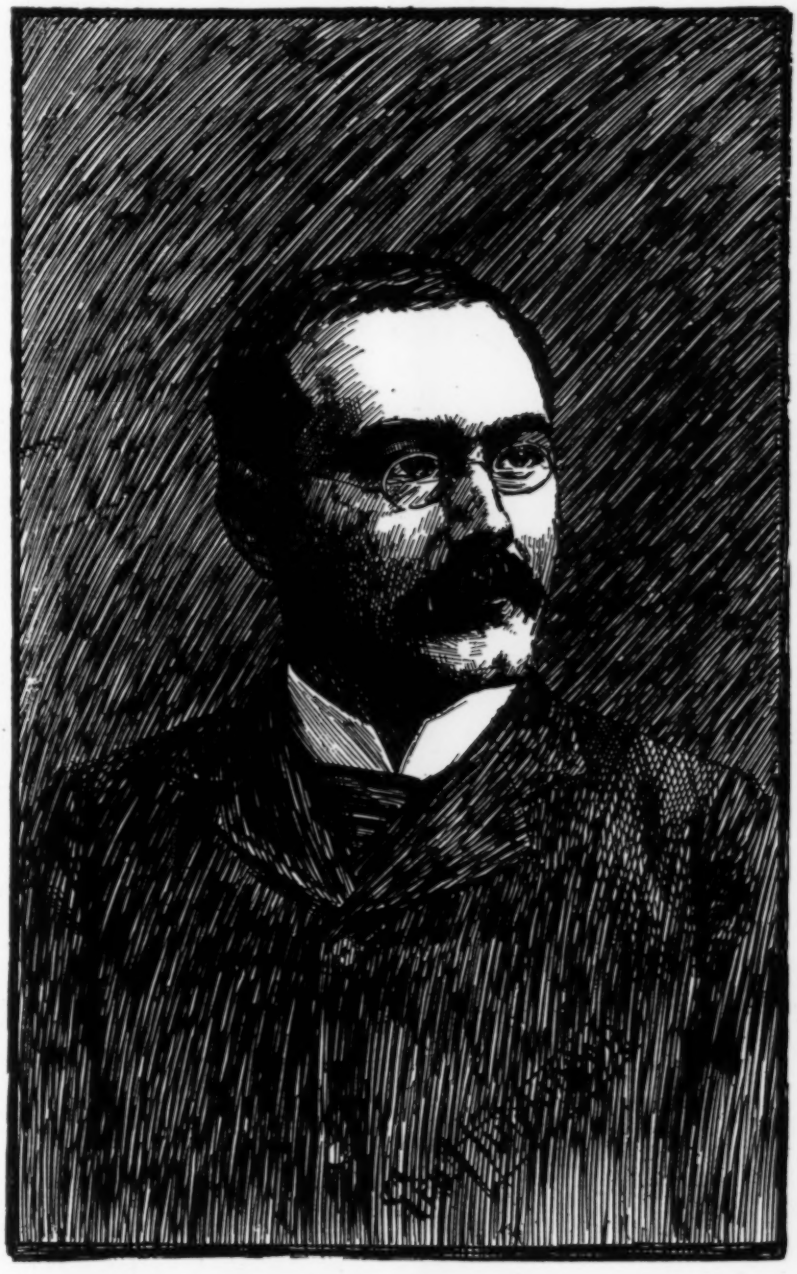
I was again far from London when the *Fortnightly Review* was established, with Lewes for its first editor. The fame of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had long inspired a wish for an English periodical of the same superior kind, and, like it, issued at intervals of a fortnight. Years before the appearance of the *Fortnightly*, Carlyle told me that John Forster had been to him to ask for his co-operation in a scheme for the establishment of a periodical on the plan of the French reviews, and had been told by Carlyle that he "did not think much of the French reviews." At last the experiment was to be tried, and under peculiar conditions. Anthony Trollope and a few others clubbed together some thousands of pounds, and with this the *Fortnightly* was started. The sequel may point a moral if not adorn a tale in these days of authors' protests against publishers. Lewes was an admirable editor. The contributors included some of the ablest men in England. As the articles were signed, the Review had the benefit of the names of their writers. It took at once a foremost place among English periodicals. But the management of its finances was in the hands of authors alone. So the thousands of pounds subscribed by Anthony Trollope and his friends melted away, and the *Fortnightly*, becoming a monthly, was sold to its publishers for an old song.

After eighteen months or so Lewes resigned the editorship of the *Fortnightly*, partly to devote himself to the composition of his philosophical *opus maximum*, 'The Problems of Life and Mind,' among these problems being some which in earlier years he had regarded as insoluble by the experimental method, but to which, at least in part, he was now determined to apply it. Returning to London just after he resigned his editorship, I saw him occasionally thenceforward until the close of his life. With advancing years he retained his old vivacity, and though he complained often of ill-health, to the last not only were his spirits unflagging, but his very gait had the rush of impetuous and vigorous youth. No young author, flushed with the success of a first effort, could have shown more elation than Lewes when, verging on sixty, he saw Vol. I. of his 'Problems of Life and Mind' reach a second edition soon after it was issued. At the time I suspected that this success was due less to an appreciation of the philosophical acumen displayed in the volume than to the attractiveness of its sub-title, 'The Foundations of a Creed,' and that many of its readers may have been disappointed on finding in it not a new religion, but abstruse discussions on the first principles which the author intended to apply in the subsequent treatment of biological and physiological questions. Lewes, however, thought, and not unnaturally, that his success was due to the increased interest taken in the subject-matter of his book. Next to the importance of biology and physiology in philosophical inquiry, the topic, it seemed to me, on which Lewes most delighted to enlarge was George Eliot, "my wife" he always called her. Traits and anecdotes of her were frequently on his lips. Two of the many things which he told me of her impressed themselves on my memory. Among her numerous accomplishments was aknowledge of Hebrew, and according to Lewes, during their rambles in German woods and forests, she taught it him, not that he might be able to read the Old Testament in the original, but that they might talk to each other without being understood by the polyglot landlords and waiters of Continental hotels! In illustration of the versatile keenness of her observing faculty, he said that having had an opportunity for inspecting a winner of the Derby—Kisber, I think, was its name—George Eliot, after a slight scrutiny, pointed out some physical defect or blemish in the steed, the existence of which was at once admitted by the groom-in-waiting, and great was his astonishment, the proud and happy Lewes declared, that a lady should have detected what had escaped the ken of male connoisseurs in horse-flesh. Readers of George Eliot's Life know that her affectionate admiration of Lewes did not fall far short of that which he felt for her. She did not survive him long enough to carry out her intention of collecting and republishing his scattered contributions to periodicals, nor, at this time of day, is anyone likely to do for him what she was not allowed to do. But Lewes was a man of considerable mark—such a judge as Mr. Leslie Stephen speaks of his "extraordinary versatility and acuteness"—and he was intimate with a very great number of notable people. His life and work deserve a more adequate literary memorial than any which they have as yet received in here and there a magazine article. Φ

THE SUPPRESSED WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

BIBLIOGRAPHY is in a fair way to be killed by journalism. It is possible to get a list of Mr. Ruskin's writings into the compass of some twenty half-crown parts, but who will catalogue all the works of those who have begun by working for the press, and who, if all their articles, letters, and paragraphs were properly recorded, would prove to have written more variously than Mr. Ruskin ere they were out of their teens? It is happily

not our business to record Mr. Kipling's contributions to Indian journalism. Many of them have not been reprinted —will never be reprinted. Two little collections have been issued and suppressed. The first is 'The City of Dreadful Night,' a description of Calcutta, which occupies eight chapters, and is followed by 'Among the Railway Folk,' The Gisidih Coal Fields,' and 'In an Opium Factory.'



This had a considerable circulation in this country and in India before it was withdrawn. The other is entitled, 'Letters of Marque, Vol. I.,' and was published after the 'City of Dreadful Night.' So far as we know, it was never sold in this country, although it was circulated some weeks in India. Both books were issued by the publishers in perfect good faith while Mr. Kipling was on his travels, but they were thought by the author and his friends too immature for separate publication. Many passages, however, show the writer at his best, though the whole has evidently been written *currente calamo*. From the 'Letters of Marque' we venture to make some extracts.

THE TAJ.

"There is a story of a Frenchman 'who feared not God nor regarded man,' sailing to Egypt for the express purpose of scoffing at the Pyramids and—though this is hard to believe—at the great Napoleon who had warred under their shadow! It is on record that that blasphemous Gaul came to the Great Pyramid and wept through mingled reverence and contrition, for he sprang from an emotional race. To understand his feelings, it is necessary to have read a great deal too much about the Taj, its designs and proportions, to have seen execrable pictures of it at the Simla Fine Arts Exhibition, to have had its praises sung by superior and travelled friends till the brain loathed the repetition of the word, and then, sulky with want of sleep, heavy-eyed, unwashen and chilled, to come upon it suddenly. Under these circumstances everything, you will concede, is in favour of a cold, critical and not too impartial verdict. As the Englishman leaned out of the carriage he

saw first an opal-tinted cloud on the horizon, and later certain towers. The mists lay on the ground, so that the splendour seemed to be floating free of the earth; and the mists rose in the background, so that at no time could everything be seen clearly. Then as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted and the sun shone upon the mists, the Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect and each beyond description. It was the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come; it was the realisation of the 'glimmering halls of dawn' that Tennyson sings of; it was veritably the 'aspiration fixed,' the 'sigh made stone' of a lesser poet; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy, and all things unhappy. That was the mystery of the building. It may be that the mists wrought the witchery, and that the Taj seen in the dry sunlight is only as guide-books say a noble structure. The Englishman could not tell, and has made a vow that he will never go nearer the spot for fear of breaking the charm of the unearthly pavilions.

"It may be, too, that each must view the Taj for himself with his own eyes; working out his own interpretations of the sight. It is certain that no man can in cold blood and colder ink set down his impressions if he has been in the least moved.

"To the one who watched and wondered that November morning the thing seemed full of sorrow—the sorrow of the man who built it for the woman he loved, and the sorrow of the workmen who died in the building—used up like cattle. And in the face of this sorrow the Taj flushed in the sunlight and was beautiful, after the beauty of a woman who has done no wrong."

AMBER, QUEEN OF THE PASS.

"And what shall be said of Amber, Queen of the Pass—the city that Jey Singh bade his people slough as snakes cast their skins. The Globe-Trotter will assure you that it must be 'done' before anything else, and the Globe-Trotter is, for once, perfectly correct. Amber lies between six and seven miles from Jeypore among the 'tumbled fragments of the hills,' and is reachable by so prosaic a conveyance as a *ticca-ghari*, and so uncomfortable a one as an elephant. *He* is provided by the Maharaja, and the people who make India their prey, are apt to accept his services as a matter of course.

"Rise very early in the morning, before the stars have gone out, and drive through the sleeping city till the pavement gives place to cactus and sand, and educational and enlightened institutions to mile upon mile of semi-decayed Hindu temples—brown and weather-beaten—running down to the shores of the great Man Sagar Lake, wherein are more ruined temples, palaces and fragments of causeways. The water-birds have their homes in the half-submerged arcades and the *mugger* nuzzles the shafts of the pillars. It is a fitting prelude to the desolation of Amber. Beyond the Man Sagar the road of to-day climbs up-hill, and by its side runs the huge stone-causeway of yesterday—blocks sunk in concrete. Down this path the swords of Amber went out to kill. A triple wall rings the city, and, at the third gate, the road drops into the valley of Amber. In the half light of dawn, a great city sunk between hills and built round three sides of a lake is dimly visible, and one waits to catch the hum that should rise from it as the day breaks. The air in the valley is bitterly chill. With the growing light Amber stands revealed, and the traveller sees that it is a city that will never wake. A few *meenas* live in huts at the end of the valley, but the temples, the shrines, the palaces and the tiers on tiers of houses are desolate. Trees grow in and split open the walls, the windows are filled with brushwood, and the cactus chokes the street. The Englishman made his way up the side of the hill to the great palace that overlooks everything except the red fort of Jeighur, guardian of Amber. As the elephant swung up the steep roads paved with stone and built out on the sides of the hill, the Englishman looked into empty houses where the little grey squirrel sat and scratched its ears. The peacock walked upon the house-tops and the blue pigeon roosted within. He passed under iron-studded gates whereof the hinges were eaten out with rust, and by walls plumed and crowned with grass, and under more gateways, till, at last, he reached the palace and came suddenly into a great quadrangle where two blinded, arrogant stallions, covered with red and gold trappings, screamed and neighed at each other from opposite ends of the vast space. . . . .

"From the top of the palace you may read if you please the Book of Ezekiel written in stone upon the hillside. Coming up, the Englishman had seen the city from below or on a level. He now looked into its very heart—the heart that had ceased to beat. There was no sound of men or cattle, or grindstones in those pitiful streets—nothing but the cooing of the pigeons. At first it seemed that the palace was not ruined at all—that presently the women would come up on the house-tops and the bells would ring in the temples. But as he attempted to follow with his eye the turns of the streets, the Englishman saw that they died out in wood tangle and blocks of fallen stone, and that some of the houses were rent with great cracks, and pierced from roof to road with holes that let in the morning sun. The drip-stones of the eaves were gap-toothed, and the tracery of the screens had fallen out, so that zenana rooms lay shamelessly open to the day. On the outskirts of the city, the strong walled houses dwindled and sank down to mere stone-heaps and faint indications of plinth and wall, hard to trace against the background of stony soil. The shadow of the palace lay over two-thirds of the city, and the trees deepened the shadow. 'He who has bent him o'er the dead' *after* the hour of which Byron sings, knows that the features of the man become blunted as it were—the face begins to fade. The same hideous look lies on the face of the Queen of the Pass, and when once this is realised, the eye wonders that it could have ever believed in the life of her. She is the city 'whose graves are set in the side of the pit, and her company is, round about her graves,' sister of Pathros, Zoan and No.

"Moved by a thoroughly insular instinct, the Englishman took up a piece of plaster and heaved it from the palace wall into the dark streets below. It bounded from a house-top to a window-ledge, and thence into a little square, and the sound of its fall was hollow and echoing, as the sound of a stone in a well. Then the silence closed up upon the sound, till in the far away courtyard below the roped stallions began screaming afresh. There may be desolation in the great Indian Desert to the westward, and there is desolation upon the open seas; but the desolation of Amber is beyond the loneliness either of land or sea."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

CONCLUSION.

Miss Evans removed to Foleshill Road, Coventry, from Griff, in March, 1841.

LETTER X.

Foleshill Road, Coventry,
May 21st, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR MARTHA,—Being at length quite naturalised in this our adopted country, and at liberty to stretch the wings of thought and memory beyond my own nest and bush, I am determined to remind you of my existence and to enlighten you, as the metaphysicians say, concerning its modes. . . . . Your undeserved affection will, I think, cause you to rejoice with me in the rich blessings that are continued and superadded to me in our new abode; you remember that I had forebodings as to the influence of a change on my dear father. These are all dissipated, and I can decidedly say that I never before saw him so happy as he apparently is at present. Our next neighbours are Mr. and Mrs. Pears,* gradually growing into friends, and I think valuable ones. If it were permissible to express a regret amid so many unmerited mercies, I should mention my lack of a free range for walking, which I so enjoyed at

* Mrs. Pears was a sister of Mrs. Bray.

Griff, with the deprivation of that "prolixity of shade" of which I am a not less ardent lover than Cowper himself. I find, too, what I did not fully anticipate, a considerable disturbance of the usual flow of thought and feeling on being severed from the objects so long accustomed to call it forth. There is the same cope, imperial in its beauty, above me. The clouds are not less majestic or fleecy. The verdure of this month is even deeper and more luxuriant than any I have ever before seen, but I have never yet enjoyed that communion with them, viewed from my present position, that long familiarity rendered spontaneous in my early home. Leaving this fruitless subject, I will not omit to tell you that you have instrumentally furnished me with the best soother under a rather severe attack of influenza in 'The Physical Theory of Another Life,' which I had lent to a friend without reading it myself until about a month ago, when I nestled in my father's arm-chair and forgot headache, cough, and all their etceteras in the rapture this precious book caused me, as intense as that of any school-girl over her first novel."

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'The Physical Theory of Another Life' referred to above, is a work by Isaac Taylor. Miss Evans had previously read another of Taylor's books. In a letter to Miss Lewis, dated, August 12th, 1840, she speaks of him, in reference to his 'Ancient Christianity,' as "one of the most eloquent, acute, and pious of writers." Later she spoke to Mrs. John Cash, of the tendency of his 'Physical Theory' to "excite thought and lead speculation further than he would have desired."

LETTER XIII.

Dated Foleshill, December 16th, 1841.

. . . . . .

Have you, dear Patty, read any of T. Carlyle's books? He is a grand favourite of mine, and I venture to recommend to you his 'Sartor Resartus.' I dare say a barrister of your acquaintance has it. His soul is a shrine of the brightest and purest philanthropy, kindled by the live coal of gratitude and devotion to the Author of all things. I should observe that he is not "orthodox." Mr. Adams, who, I dare say, gave lectures at Coventry when you were at school, is delivering a course on chemistry to enlighten us poor smatterers. The labour of acquiring knowledge is, I grant, its own reward, but should you not like a little more intuition, or rather intuitive power, just to enable one to take a sort of seven-leagued-boot stride that would make up for girlish miseducation and girlish idleness? This is the fool's hectic of wishing, which must give place to a determination in the view of all past truant-playing, to enjoy and improve to the utmost the treasures of earth, air, and sky through the rest of our journey.

LETTER XIV.

Foleshill, November 4th, 1842.

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Your friendship will not be satisfied unless I say something of myself, so I must chant the praises of my own lot, which is indeed now peaceful and happy to a degree that I little anticipated some months ago. I have indeed passed through some strange and painful scenes with much error on my part, but not without profit.

I have the greatest of satisfactions to my mind in witnessing and perhaps slightly administering to my father's comfort.

LETTER XVIII.

Foleshill, April 21st, 1845.

MY DEAR MARTHA,—To prove to you that your note gave me as much pleasure as your affectionate heart could wish, I will tell you that my gratitude for it induces me to answer it at midnight, lest to-morrow should bring some hindrances, disagreeable or agreeable. I think you would be quite satisfied if you could read my heart's record of you.

. . . . . .

I would renounce more than one delight for the sake of having again your caresses and your *visible* friendship. As it is, you are a bright picture in my memory, like Raphael's St. Catharine, and I assure you I give you a high place among influences when I range you with pictures. Thank you, my dear Martha, for your inquiries about myself. I am writing, rather wearily, for of translating a great book of 1500 pages there is no speedy end; but as the sun travels from one sign to another, I get from one section to another, and so I suppose I shall come to Beersheba at last.

What should you say to my becoming a wife? Should you think it a duty to ascertain the name of the rash man that you might warn him from putting on such a matrimonial hair-shirt as he would have with me?

I did meditate an engagement, but I have determined, whether wisely or not I cannot tell, to defer it, at least for the present.

My health is not of the strongest—dreadful headaches come now and then to me as well as to the rest of mankind, but idleness is my chief disease, and my most salutary medicine the exhortation, "Work while it is day." I and father go on living and loving together as usual, and it is my chief source of happiness to know that I form one item of his.

So now you know my state, or at least its outward, material part. The spirit varies far more than the forms under which it lives and works, and our souls live two years while our bodies live but two months. Nay, the experience of a week, of a day, may make one grey in wisdom or in sadness as well as in hair. Perhaps you would find some symptoms of age creeping over me if you were with me now, and you would accuse me of being too old for five-and-twenty, which is a sufficiently venerable sum of years in the calendar of young ladies generally. But I can laugh and love and fall into a fit of enthusiasm still, so there is some of the youthful sap left.

. . . . . .

I dined last week with Harriet Martineau at Mrs. Bracebridge's, of Atherstone. She is a charming person—quite one of those great people whom one does not venerate the less for having seen. Full of mesmerism and its marvels, as you may suppose.

. . . . . .

Miss Evans started for the Continent with the Bray's, June 11, 1849.

LETTER XX.

Griff, April 4th, 1850.

MY DEAR PATTY,—It is now nearly ten months since your letter was written, and yet I only received it the other day, for I see by the date of it that it was written the very day on which I set out for the Continent. My sister took charge of all the letters which came for me during my absence, and when she gave them to me, I immediately recognised the hand of that dear little friend who lives as vividly in my recollection as if I had only parted from her yesterday. You would perhaps think my person and ideas somewhat changed, but you would find my affections much the same, dear Martha, as when you were in danger of ruining my clean collar with your embraces.

For two months after my departure from England, I was travelling from place to place—through France to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Genoa, then to Milan, then across the Simplon into Switzerland. At last I settled at Geneva, and remained there eight months, the last six of them in a charming family, to which I am become warmly attached. I set out on my return home on the 18th of March, and reached Coventry on the 25th. I am paying visits to my relations at present. I am not yet decided as to my future plans—whether I shall remain in England or return to Geneva. If the former, I shall probably spend many months of the year in London. In that case, I shall see you sometimes, shall I not? Ah! dear Patty, I have seen much trial since we met, and so have you. My return to England is anything but joyous to me, for old associations are rather painful than otherwise to me. We are apt to complain of the weight of duty, but when it is taken from us, and we are left at liberty to choose for ourselves, we find that the old life was the easier one.

MR. HOLE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO 'A WINDOW IN THRUMS.'*

MR. BARRIE has indeed been fortunate in securing so sympathetic an interpreter of the scenes and characters in 'A Window in Thrums' as Mr. Hole. The book certainly lends itself to illustration. The old-world background, the characters with their outlines strong and delicate, the incidents full of genuine human nature, are just what an artist would desire as suggestions. But they give at the same time many opportunities for failure. Mr. Hole has so saturated himself, however, with the spirit of the book, that in nearly every case the text and the etchings go hand in hand. The frontispiece—the Window with a glimpse of the brae in time of snow, and the hungry crows that speak of the desolation without—is admirable. Perhaps the picture of "Thrums" as seen from the inside of the window will please less. A strong light falling on the houses and steeples below shows the outlines in a prominent Dürer-esque fashion. The "flaws" in the window-panes are distracting in their effect, and in character the etching is not altogether in keeping with the others. But Jess's folded hands—nothing else of her is seen—with her sewing things near by, her Bible and spectacles, make a perfect picture of peace. Of the character sketches, perhaps that of Jess is as fine as any, as well it might be. Mr. Hole has known how to bring out her innate refinement in such a fashion as to make it not in any way incongruous in a Scotch peasant woman. The observant eyes of Leeby that took in every detail of the manse household, look up with frank intelligence from the wash-tub. Tammas Haggart is excellent. Jimsie Duthie, the author of 'The Millennium,' is less successful, and perhaps verges on caricature. But for real genius of interpretation none are better—perhaps none so good—as the Dominie, Gavin Ogilvie, and Tibbie Birse. It is not an idealised Dominie, but a homely, set figure with shrewdness and kindly humour in every line of his face. Tibbie might, at the moment we see her, be uttering her grievances at Davit's not being bidden to Pete Lowrie's laying out, or her scorn of Marget's airs: "Na, I hinna seen the mournin', I've heard o't. Na, if Marget doesna tell me naething, am no the kind to speir naething, an though I'll be at the kirk the morn, I winna turn my heid to look at the mournin'." The "Pig-Sty Club" and "A Reglar Deevil" are good, but less so than the others. Both as an etching, and in regard to the feeling it expresses, the finest of all is "The Death of Hendry." It is simple, severe, and strong, this picture of the long earthen-floored room in which Hendry's loom stood. A wide, soft light is falling on the gentle, tired face of the dead weaver as he bends over the silent loom.

This magnificent edition must give pleasure to all who have the good fortune to see it. Mr. Hole has never done finer or more sympathetic work. G-Y.

* 'A Window in Thrums.' By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Wm. Hole, R.S.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THOMAS CARLYLE TO THOMAS AIRD.

Through the kindness of Dr. Watson, we are enabled to print the following letter by Carlyle to Thomas Aird, then editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. It relates to a review of his 'French Revolution' by George Gilfillan. Carlyle evidently imagined that the criticism was by Aird himself. The letter is in three pieces, worn through at the folds across the whole sheet, and some words on the last page are thereby illegible.

Chelsea, 17th October, 1840.

MY DEAR AIRD,—Yesterday a *Herald* reached me with one Article in it which I did not fail to notice! It is not, in general, seemly or convenient that the reviewed make any answer to his reviewer; but the present is a case worthy beyond most of forming an exception to such a rule.

You *will* not laugh at me when I tell you that I read the Paper with very great pleasure. It is a noble panegyric; a picture painted by a Poet, which means with me a man of Insight and Heart—decisive, sharp of outline, in hues borrowed from the sun! I find an enormous *exaggeration* of all features; but the *resemblance*, so far as I may judge, is altogether good. It is rare indeed to find oneself mirrored so in a brother-soul; and one of the truest pleasures when by a happy chance it does offer itself. Not many things have ever been written about me in which I could see my own image with so many features that I knew to be mine. Reviews for most part have next to no resemblance, the reviewers being blockheads; in that case, whether they are loud with censure or loud with eulogy goes for absolutely nothing; one has to hand them aside, like a letter misdirected; they do one neither ill nor good. This present is an altogether different business!

For the rest, it is really a truth, one never knows whether praise be really good for one; whether it be not, in very fact, the worst *poison* that could be administered. Blame, or even vituperation, I have always found a safer article. In the long run a man has and *is*, just what *he* is and has,—the world's *notion of him* has not altered him at all. Except, indeed, if it have poisoned him with self-conceit, and made a *caput-mortuum* of him!—I will not thank you for so much praise; but I will right heartily for being a brave, true-hearted man and loving me so well;

this is an entirely lawful pleasure. That a craftsman recognise so generously his fellow-craftsman, and his work, seems to me, even were I not the object of it, a most brave thing.

You spoke rightly of my Edinburgh Reviewer; a dry, sceptical, mechanical lawyer (one Merivale, I hear), with his satchell of Dictionaries dangling at his back—with the heart of him torpid or dead, and the head of him consequently not alive. His notion of Robespierre's "religion" struck me, as it does you, the product of a heart *dead*. Kill the heart rightly, no head then knows rightly *what* to believe; has then any right sense of true and false left in it! His notion of Dumouriez's campaign, taken up in this place, at this time of day is enormous—little inferior to R.'s religion itself. But it does not equal a third thing which I found in that article, which I wonder no Iconoclast, radical or other took note of; this namely: that "hunger" is universal, perennial and irremediable among the lower classes of society—unknown only among the horses and domestic animals; that enlightened liberal government means a judicious combining of those who are not hungry to suppress those who are, and lock them up from revolting! "The pigs are to die, no conceivable help for that; but we, by God's blessing, will at least keep down their squealing!" It struck me as the most infernal proposition, written down in that cold way, I had ever had presented to me in human language—*un*attended with its fit corollary, the duty of "universal simultaneous suicide," and a giving up of this God's creation on the part of Adam's race as a bad job!

I did not . . . . Scotland this summer; and I got nowhither, except for one short week down into Sussex. I trust always I shall be able to get away altogether some day. The sight of a silent green field with the great silent sky over it: ah me, why should it be denied to any mortal man?

My wife is in general better this year than usual; though complaining a little these two days. She sends many kind remembrances . . . . to clip out the Article and preserve it among her valuables. "An excessively clever thing!"

Adieu, dear Aird. My pen is bad, my paper and time are both done to-day. Live happy, busy; remembering us now and then! Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LONDON PUBLISHERS.

DAVID NUTT.

THE firm of David Nutt was founded by the late Mr. David Nutt, at that time a clerk in the Russian house of Moberly and Co., in the year 1829. Mr. Nutt at first confined himself to the English agency of Mr. Asher, then of St. Petersburg, afterwards of Berlin, at that time the leading bookseller in Russia, but speedily began to import from the Continent for his own account, as well as to accumulate a valuable second-hand theological stock, extensive catalogues of which were issued as early as 1834. The import business brought him into contact with the chief teachers of French and German, such as the Rev. Dr. Tiarks, Mr. Wittich, Mr. Tourrier, etc., and he began to issue educational works before the year 1840. A branch business was established at Winchester in the early forties, and Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's 'History of Winchester College' was published by Mr. Nutt, as well as other works connected with the College. In 1849 Mr. Nutt moved from 148, Fleet Street to the present premises, 270-271, Strand, and Mr. Meno Haas, now one of the partners, entered the business as foreign clerk. Up to Mr. Nutt's death in 1863 the business of the firm continued to be chiefly the importing of Continental literature, the building up of an important theological second-hand stock (the 1853 catalogue of which is the most extensive ever issued by any English firm, and still retains its value as a bibliographical guide to early theology), and the supply of books to Winchester, Wellington, Bradfield, and other large schools. Publishing was confined almost exclusively to works for the study of foreign languages, the only work of general interest brought out by Mr. Nutt being Lewes' 'Life of Goethe,' and this Mr. Nutt accepted out of friendship for the author, after it had been rejected by the leading publishers of the day. Shortly before his death, Mr. Nutt took the late Mr. Nicholas Trübner into partnership in a branch business established in Paternoster Row under the style of Trübner and Co. At Mr. Nutt's death his interest in this business was acquired by Mr. Trübner, the branch business in Winchester being also disposed of to the manager, Mr. Wells. Circumstances having compelled Mrs. Nutt to place the business under the protection of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Haas was appointed manager in 1866. In 1878 Mr. Alfred Nutt, Mr. David Nutt's only son, entered the business, and in 1882 Mr. Meno Haas became partner. From 1886 onwards the publishing activity of the firm has greatly increased. Mr. Alfred Nutt's connection with the Folk-Lore Society and with the Hon. Society of Cymmrodorion was influential in determining the nature of the publishing. In conjunction with Mr. Lang, Mr. Nutt started the 'Bibliothèque de Carabas,' a collection of folk-lore monographs for book-lovers and students of sixteenth century English literature; in conjunction with Mr. Gollancz, the Pre-Tudor Texts, intended to popularise the knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and mediæval English literature; in conjunction with Lord Archibald Campbell, a series of Waifs and Strays of Celtic tradition; in conjunction with Mr. Lang, the Tudor Library, for the reprinting, in a form to appeal to the most fastidious bibliophile, of the rarest works of sixteenth century England; in conjunction with Mr. Henley, the Tudor Translations series, which will, it is hoped, comprise all the masterpieces of the *genre*, from Berners' 'Froissart' to Shelton's 'Don Quixote.' For Dr. Sommer Mr. Nutt brought out his monumental edition of Malory's 'Morte D'Arthur,' the most elaborate and extensive ever issued of any single work of English literature. With Mr. Jacobs as editor, Mr. Nutt reprinted Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' and issued the first annotated edition of James Howell's 'Familiar Letters.' Mr. Jacobs has likewise edited a series of Fairy Tales, appealing equally to the book-lover, the nursery, and the folk-lorist. Mr. Nutt has had the honour of introducing to the public at large Mr. W. E. Henley as poet and essayist, Mr. Oscar Wilde as a story-teller for children, and Mr. Norman Gale as a poet.

The educational, theological, and classical publications of the firm have also been numerous during the past few years. But the distinguishing mark of its activity has certainly been the issue of choice and beautiful books for the bibliophile and the scholar. Mr. Nutt has published the *Classical Review* since 1887, the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* since 1887, the *Jewish Quarterly* since 1888, the *Archæological Review* since 1888. He is the official publisher of the Folk-Lore Society since 1890.

NEW BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

These are two admirable volumes, the work of a scholar as well as an enthusiastic and eloquent writer, showing in every page of criticism the insight that comes of genuine sympathy. Mr. Brooke must really have succeeded in doing what the late accomplished scholar Ten Brink aimed at doing—enlarging the circle of those interested in our early literature. Ten Brink had no lack of appreciation, and he had the most minute and thorough familiarity with the subject, but he packed too much into his space to be easily readable. One may doubt whether Mr. Kennedy's faithful translation has been widely read by English readers; the book is really rather a student's book, and its comprehensive descriptions and finely weighed discriminations, can hardly be followed without some knowledge of the originals. Something of the same objection, from the general reader's point of view, may be made to the masterly sketch by one of our own veteran Anglo-Saxon scholars, Professor Earle, who combines scholarship with a vivid style and sympathetic insight. He has not sufficient scope for his powers within the condensed scale on which he works. Mr. Brooke works on a larger scale, and in richer and more glowing tints, and has been proportionately successful.

It might be said that Mr. Brooke's two volumes form not so much a history as a description; and if the idea of development enters into our conception of history, this is quite

* 'The History of Early English Literature: Being the History of English Poetry from its Beginnings to the Accession of King Alfred.' By Stopford A. Brooke. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

true. For a history, in this sense, of our poetry before Alfred the materials can hardly be said to exist. It is an arguable position that not a single extant fragment is older than Alfred, at least in the form in which we now have it. That older fragments are embedded in the poems as extant is not merely probable but certain; but the exact sequence can only be a matter of nice conjecture, a splendid field for the subtle wit of philologists, but extremely uncertain ground for the historian. A history that should attempt to trace development in such circumstances would necessarily be of a very speculative kind. And, fortunately for those who like good writing about literature, writing that is itself literature, Mr. Brooke keeps all questions of date and authorship in the background. He discusses them with knowledge and ability, but his strength is expended on the description of the poetry as it is, and the life and character of the men who wrote it and who heard it recited. If we were to subtract from the two volumes all the historical speculation, acute and vigorous and very far from perfunctory as it is, we should hardly diminish the bulk or the value of the work. This lies in the description, which is such as the author has taught us to expect, rich and full-blooded, vivid, copious, eloquent, and inspiring, The book is one to be unreservedly thankful for, disclosing as it does with ample enthusiasm the worth of the old poetry as a reflection of the inner nature of the old people. What direction their imaginations took, how their poets transfigured the joys and sorrows of their lives, in what spirit they met danger and difficulty when attuned to the heroic pitch, how the world impressed them, what conceptions they formed of the unseen—these are points on which Anglo-Saxon poetry can inform us freely, though not a scrap of it were older than the tenth century. And these are the points on which Mr. Brooke dwells with genuine permenutic power.

To show by description and translation how rich and varied our old poetry is—"to induce English-speaking folk to reverence, admire, and love the poetry which their fathers wrote in old time, since it is worthy"—this is Mr. Brooke's object. The width of its range he particularly sets himself to demonstrate in his chapters on "The Settlement in Poetry," and on what he calls the "Elegiac Poems." It required really penetrative insight to discover the softer moods in these bards of a fierce and daring people, their melancholy, their dignified submission to Fate, their sympathy with birds and beasts. Their joy in battle is everywhere conspicuous. Even in the sacred poems attributed to Caedmon, the poet kindles when any fighting is going forward; the invasion of the earth by the seething waters of the deluge, and Abraham's battles with the four kings are described with infinite gusto. The women share in the warlike spirit of the men. This is how Hildeguthe, in Mr. Brooke's translation, encourages her lord and lover Waldhere to fight against fearful odds, after a vain appeal to him to slay her lest she should fall into the hands of the enemy:—

> "Now is the day
> Thou shalt have one thing or else another—
> Or lose thy life, or long lived dominion
> Make thine among men, Ælfhere's son!
> At no time, my chief, do I chide thee with words;
> Since never I saw thee at the sword playing—
> Through wretched fear of whatever warrior—
> Flee out of the fight, or in flight on the field,
> Or care for thy corse, though a crowd of the foe
> On thy breast-byrnie with bills were a-hewing;
> But to fight forward was ever thy seeking!"

The abrupt alliterated verses, the movement of which Mr. Brooke renders very skilfully in his translation, was specially suited to the expression of battle ardour. We can conceive them declaimed by a fiery bard at a noisy feast, each alliterated section hurled like a javelin at the thick heads of the sturdy hearers, launched with a thrum of the harp, and making its way above the clatter of mead-bowls, with the scream of a hawk or the yelp of a hound as an occasional accompaniment. Admirers of Mr. Kipling's 'Barrack-Room Ballads' will find much to their taste in our Anglo-Saxon poets: their battle scenes are superb, only the spirit of their fighting is intensely serious. Fighting is no pastime to them: they write like men who know war in its horrors as well as in its ferocious joys: over the crowds of hacking and hewing warriors, high-strung with the passion of the fight, we are shown the raven and the eagle and the wolf in hideous anticipation of a banquet on the slain. So among the old bards might be found many parallels to Mr. Henley's 'Song of the Sword,' particularly the Exeter Book Riddle of the Sword; only amidst the Sword's exultation in its might and the pride of its owner, it betrays an uneasy sense of the hatred with which it is regarded by other weapons. I dare say Mr. Brooke would maintain that this last note, this faint crossing of joy in the Sword with a kind of shuddering dread, is a sign of late origin and of the intermingling of monastic influences with the dauntless piratical spirit; just as he traces a change in the sea-feeling of the old poetry, a transition from an audacious sense of lordship such as became a warlike sea-rover, to the more sober daring of a merchant sailor in whose mind the perils and hardships of life on the ocean wave are uppermost. But it is at least arguable that throughout the whole range of Anglo-Saxon poetry, the imaginative joy in the might of the sea is at all times a fearful and respectful joy, as in men who had an intimate acquaintance with the terrors of the mighty Being; and that it is only among landsmen, whose acquaintance with the sea is purely spectacular, that the thought of conflict with the sea is merely exhilarating. They do not shrink from the sea; they adventure forth on it with brave hearts; but the daring even of the sea-rover is not a fool-hardy daring, but the profound and settled courage of a man who defies a danger in full knowledge of its extent. In another connection Mr. Brooke very happily proves that this grave and steadfast courage is well marked in the character of Beowulf, ready as that hero is to confront the most tremendous dangers from which other men shrink aghast. Beowulf has not the knight-errant's gaiety of heart; he fights willingly, and with unbounded joy in his strength, but it is for substantial advantages, and in pursuance of a well-calculated policy. He does not fight for fighting's sake, for a toy, or the trifling of a favour, but he risks his life nobly for the welfare of a people.

W. MINTO.

AMENOPHIS AND OTHER POEMS.*

The poem which gives its title to the collection has been placed at the end, and appears by a prefatory note to have been written four and twenty years ago. It is a dwarf epic, picturesque, spirited, and sympathetic enough, giving a new version of the Exodus, and combining the Egyptian story of the king, who drove out the lepers that he might see the gods, with the Hebrew story of the rods that turned into serpents and the plague of darkness. The king reminds us a little of Matthew Arnold's Mycerinus; the whole effect of the poem is like that of the late Lord Lytton's poem on the Fourth Crusade in *Chronicles and Characters*. Both may be commended to students who think Keats' attempted reform of the heroic couplet may have a future.

Most readers will find Mr. Palgrave's lyrics more interesting. It is to be regretted that in form they are seldom perfect; a professor of poetry ought to practise what he preaches, and he ought to preach that the metre must not be allowed to cramp or warp the diction, and that a writer is bound to understand and master the metre he chooses, and not begin a dactylic line:

> "As in life's meadow,"

or

> "In this hard lifelong campaign."

Even when the form is not faulty, it is seldom charming or satisfying. 'Pausanias and Cleonica' is called an Old Hellenic Ballad; it is more like a halting exercise in Gray's Pindaric manner. The metre Mr. Palgrave handles best is the combination of sixes and twelves, of which Matthew Arnold gave the standard example in 'Empedocles on Ætna.' Often Mr. Palgrave tries the effect of stanzas with one line out of five or six unrhymed.

He has thought long and felt keenly about the things of which it is hard to speak; he has given many educated readers the satisfaction of saying within themselves:

> "O joy that in our embers
> Is something that doth live."

* 'Amenophis and other Poems.' By F. T. Palgrave. (Macmillan.)

The pieties of nature and the home, the cradle and the grave; the parallel between the old age of the year and the old age of man; the memories of the saints and of their King —all find voice in earnest, if not flawless music. Anything to be called a new suggestion is rare; perhaps the nearest approach to it is in the fine poem on the four last things. Many are coming to say, that as we are not overwhelmed by them, we had better give up pretending to believe in them; as many have said that if we believe in them we ought to care more. Mr. Palgrave is satisfied that we should care as much as we can; he does not ask whether perhaps the solemn shadow through which he thinks it well to move is passing away. Is he always quite consistent with himself? "The city of God" in one poem is not hidden in heaven, waiting to come down; it is about its citizens upon earth if their eyes are opened to discern it; in 'San Carlo Borromeo at Arona' the final salvation is still far off. Such questions do not matter much. What he has to give us, what he does give us in full measure, is warmth rather than light; he broods over questions which are not unmeaning or unimportant because it is getting harder to give them a rational answer, and he sucks out sweetness and even strength from his meditations. There have been religious poets like Dante, Milton, and even Keble, and in his own way Browning, whose faith interpreted the world to them. There are no such poets now. There are poets still, and Mr. Palgrave is one of them, whose faith enables them to live above the world as a stout sailor in a tight boat may live above a rough sea, without a chart, under the stars.

G. A. SIMCOX.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.*

There was something of Carlyle in William Bell Scott; there is a flavour of the Reminiscences in his 'Notes.' In his later years he impressed some at least as an opinionated old gentleman; and it is evident that he never undervalued any of his gifts. Neither did he overvalue the genius of others; he could brook no intercourse that was not maintained on a footing of perfect equality. Even when a boy he felt no sense of inferiority in the presence of Christopher North and Walter Scott. He bearded Carlyle almost on their first acquaintance; and according to his own story, he put down Mr. Ruskin's praises of Turner with such crushing force that the great master of language had to take refuge in "poisonous looks"! A certain conceit of moral superiority is perhaps also traceable in these reminiscences. Yet it is clear that Scott was capable of self-denying and even passionate friendship; that he endeared himself to all who really knew him; and that Professor Minto, who has edited these volumes with much care and judgment, is right in pronouncing him essentially a man of a genial and friendly disposition. Some qualification is not unneeded, and it has been supplied. "Perhaps he was sometimes too outspoken about shortcomings. . . . Mr. Scott had the knack of putting things happily in graphic phrases that exactly expressed his meaning, and when they came to his lips he could not always judiciously keep them back."

Neither could he always keep them back when they came to his pen, as these volumes testify. But complaints must come exclusively from the friends whose love-making and book-making he has copiously described. It is quite evident that if this record was to be published at all, it was necessary that it should be published substantially in its present form. The omission of a few lines here and there would not have altered its character. As it stands it is a valuable contribution to literary history—picturesque in style and rich in information. Those who know Scott's remarkable Memoir of his brother will find what they expect. His manner never altered. In his contributions to the *Register* (which are not here referred to) and the *Academy;* in his life of Dürer, and in his poetry even, he is always the same—dry, reserved, individual, with a touch of distinction and even of genius, which lights up work otherwise austere even to coldness. Perhaps the best and the most revealing thing he ever wrote was his poem on the death of his brother—which, it should be mentioned, was first published in David Scott's Memoir. His real but limited power was used with the national frugality, and he seems to have received nearly complete justice alike from himself and from others.

The intemperate attack made on this book by Mr. Swinburne need hardly be discussed. Even a Scotsman may resent being lectured on the lack of a sense of humour by Mr. Swinburne; and may be entertained by the poet's use of the mouth-filling name, "Joseph Mallord William Turner," as a mild expletive. It is almost as good as the time-honoured "Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland and Durham." More serious is the feeling known to be entertained and already partly expressed by Rossetti's later friends—that the account given of the poet-painter is unjust to him and them. All that can be said by outsiders is that Scott was fully entitled by his long friendship to the liberty which others, whose acquaintance was far shorter, have claimed and used. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Watts, Mr. Hall Caine and others have told the world much of Rossetti's melancholy story. They have kept something back; and Scott or his editor has done the same. Is it possible to get at the truth without telling the whole? And will it be any service to the living or the dead if this is the end of the controversy? It is evident that some of Scott's critics are reading between the lines, and one of them at least has read what was never there. One inference which will naturally be drawn by the uninitiated has not been stated. Can it be disclaimed? The editor appears to have exercised perfect discretion.

A few very slight slips may be noted for correction. Samuel Brown's tragedy was called 'Galileo Galilei,' not (as in vol. i. 219) 'Galilei Galileo.' Brown's first pamphlet was not (as in vol. ii. 25) 'Triumphant Analysis,' but 'Victorious Analysis.' The initials of Dr. Littledale were R. F., not F. R. "Goodwin Barnby" (described in vol. i. 174, 175) should be "Goodwyn Barmby"; the title of his paper, if I am not mistaken, was the 'Communist Chronicle,' not the 'Communistic Chronicle.' It seems vain to protest against the notion that 'Balder' was the effect of 'Festus.' Not to speak of the interval of years between the two, it should be noted that Dobell never read 'Festus.' It is doubtful whether the letter of Burns should have been published; doubtful also whether it is here published for the first time.

Among the many interesting literary reminiscences is one of Hogg, which will help to dispose of the wholly unfounded idea that he was not the author of the 'Confessions of a Justified Sinner.' Scott's account of the purport of the book, "intended to satirise the religion of the Kirk," is obviously correct; and his estimate of its value is very near the mark.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

* 'Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, H.R.S.A., LL.D., and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882.' Edited by W. Minto. Illustrated. Two vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

ETON OF OLD; OR EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.*

It is very rarely that we have seen a volume of personal reminiscences, referring to so remote a date, written with so sure a touch and so picturesque a result. It combines most happily the intense curiosity about details so characteristic of the modern generation, with a certain stateliness and precision of style, that is rarely found without affectation; but of affectation there is not a trace: rather there is a wholesome geniality about the whole book, the liveliness of youth tempered with the sagacity of age, which would recommend it to any reader.

But of course the principal interest of the book will be to Etonians, of whom it has been computed that there are about eight thousand living. It throws light upon one of the most interesting and characteristic periods of the history of Eton, and we do not exaggerate when we say that it is the most important contribution to the social history of Eton that has yet appeared.

The reign of Dr. Keate, from 1811 to 1834, which is the period of which the book treats, is perhaps the most important period in the history of the school. It is the transition of ancient to modern Eton. No one but a Tory of the type of Dr. Keate could have adequately paved the way for the reforms that followed on his rule. Dr. Keate is a picturesque, almost romantic, figure now-a-days; he was turned into a classic, partly by the immense impression he created

* Eton of Old; or Eighty Years Since: 1811 to 1822. By An Old Colleger. 15s. (Griffith and Farran.)

on the minds of the boys who fell under his rule, partly by an admirable and good-natured sketch in Kinglake's 'Eothen,' which has perpetuated his memory in the literary world. The author of 'Eton of Old' falls foul of this sketch with very unnecessary severity, and calls it an offensive and ill-natured caricature. A caricature of course it is; no reader of 'Eothen,' we will venture to say, ever took it seriously; but we fail to find in 'Eton of Old' any very marked divergence from the lines of the portrait in 'Eothen;' 'Eton of Old' begins by contradicting Kinglake's sketch in almost every important particular, and then produces an elaborate description of Dr. Keate, which we are very glad to be able to say is substantially identical.

Dr. Keate was, no doubt, in private life, one of the most gentle and amiable of the human race, sensible, moderate, and indulgent; the picture of his patriarchal family circle at Hartley is a most attractive one; but we venture to say that he was an almost ideally bad schoolmaster. He had a difficult task; the discipline of the school had become discreditably lax, and he restored it; but he was saved from extreme failure only by his stoutness of heart, his amusing mannerisms, and the length of his experience. If Keate had left Eton fifteen years before he did, we believe he would have left a reputation only for barbarous severity. 'Eton of Old' practically admits this failure by stating that throughout Keate's rule there was probably a majority in the school who would have done anything they safely could to make him ridiculous, to annoy him, and to injure him. Surely no more lamentable description of a head-master could be penned. It was, no doubt, the reaction from this spirit that caused Arnold to say, with bitter vehemence, that he was not, and would not be, at Rugby, in the position of the governor of a gaol. And it was precisely this position that was the practical, if not conscious, ideal of Keate. In spite of the anonymous author's genuine admiration for his old master, this comes out in many ways. The author admits that the fatal point in Keate's character was his absolute incapacity to take any boy's word; any attempt at explanation was held to add the guilt of evasion to the original offence. We believe that Keate, more than perhaps any one man, retarded the amelioration of the conditions of school-life, the sympathetic relation which must exist between educators and educated, and the cultivation at an early age of the sense of responsibility.

But this does not detract from the merits of the book; it is rather an added charm. The picture drawn is so natural and obviously faithful, that it makes it of absorbing interest. The educational anomaly afforded by Eton life in the early years of the century is indeed so ludicrous that, had it not existed, we should deny its possibility. Side by side with the most exaggerated discipline stood the most absurd independence—and discipline, too, for the most part secured only by an elaborate system of overlooking open, notorious, and systematic violations of it, such as every day and hour forced themselves upon the eye and ear. We hear of a string of collegers in gowns "shirking" behind a single tree in the Long Walk, or Keate allowing lock-up to be at ten on the Fourth of June, because, the day being given up to amusement, he "supposed there might be a cricket-match going on at that hour." Theatricals and other entertainments held in Long Chamber, the windows blazing with light, only very partially screened by cranky shutters, the merriment audible from one end of Eton to the other. Yet at the same time boys were being flogged daily, sometimes twice, for failure to repeat a lesson, leaving false quantities in their verses, or being two minutes late for lock-up. It sets the reader wondering whether there may not be inconsistencies and incongruities as ridiculous in our own systems of education, which we literally have not the eyes to see.

The book is altogether a fascinating one; it is luxuriously printed, and many of the illustrations have the singular merit of being faithful representations of the actual places. The author must be congratulated upon the successful accomplishment of a very difficult task: to make a book which shall be interesting to the young, without being garrulous or exaggerated, and at the same time to keep a distinct antiquity of flavour and style. We should be glad to have a second volume, which is the sincerest compliment that can be paid to reminiscences.

EDWIN WAUGH.*

A statement in the preface to these two volumes assigns a most valid reason for the issue of a new edition of Waugh's writings, of which they form a first instalment. The ten-volume edition, which appeared under the author's superintendence, both in "large paper" and "small paper" form is out of print, and has become so valuable that even a small paper copy was recently sold for £9. This moderately priced edition of 'The Lancashire Burns,' as Edwin Waugh has been sometimes fondly called, must find a welcome in his native county, and may find one out of it. Although he wrote much in the Lancashire dialect, Waugh's reputation is not exclusively local or provincial. Authoritative London criticism has done justice to his work, especially to the touching idyllic charm of his "Come whoam to thy childer and me," which is one of the most popular lyrics ever written, and has been circulated literally by the million not only in the North, but throughout England and in the Colonies.

If in genius Waugh is, as he may well be, inferior to Burns, he has one advantage over the Scottish bard. Otherwise than as a poet Burns is known only by his letters, while Waugh turned out much more prose than verse. Of the prose written in the Lancashire dialect, it is for experts only to speak, and his competent editor pronounces it to be much purer and more accurate than that of any of his predecessors. But no one can read the sketches of Lancashire localities in these two volumes without being conscious that he is a writer of excellent, vigorous, picturesque English prose, whose descriptions of nature and scenery are really admirable. In his metrical employment of the Lancashire dialect as a vehicle for the expression whether of humour or of pathos, Waugh is acknowledged to be without a rival, and there needs only a glossary to form a part of this new edition to enable the general reader to enjoy his dialectic as well as his often spirited English verse. Mr. Milner's editorship of these volumes leaves nothing to be desired, and is full of promise for those which are to come. As a critic of his author, he is appreciative without exaggeration. He has done well to point out that Waugh's tales, sketches, and poems form an instructive and accurate picture of one of the most important, industrially and politically, of English counties, "during a period of stress and storm and change." It includes that of the great cotton famine, Waugh's sympathetic sketches of the sufferings caused by which, and the stoicism, not to say heroism, often displayed by the sufferers, are amongst the most striking contents of the volumes. In a very interesting and genial introduction, Waugh's personal and social characteristics are described, and the story is told of his struggle from very humble beginnings to fame, and, if not to fortune, at least to closing years much serener and happier than those of the Scottish Burns.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.†

Here are two old rivals in new dresses. They are sure of a welcome from lovers of good books, as they have been any time these two hundred years and more. They are both excellent translations, and, like many good things, recklessly full of faults. They both have known how to reproduce the wisdom of Montaigne, but it is as English books rather than as translations that they are most valued. In different degrees, both Cotton and Florio, like Urquhart, had the combined audacity and intelligence in rendering foreign matter into their own tongue which belongs to an earlier and less verbally conscientious age. Their versions have never been superseded by exacter ones. Not that they have won the same kind of regard. No well-regulated library has been without Cotton's for the last two centuries, but Florio has

* 'Lancashire Sketches.' By Edwin Waugh. First and Second Series. Edited with a preface and introduction by George Milner. (London and Manchester: John Heywood.) 1892.

† 'Essays of Michel de Montaigne.' Translated by Charles Cotton. Edited, with some account of the Life of the Author, and Notes, by W. Carew Hazlitt. 3 vols. Second edition. Revised. (Bell and Sons.)

† 'The Tudor Translations.' Edited by W. E. Henley. 'The Essays of Montaigne,' done into English by John Florio. Edited, with Introduction, by G. Sainsbury. The First Book. (Nutt.)

won a more assured place on the intimate shelf which the eye of the book-lover wanders towards and rests on with affection. And the legend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson thumbing his pages while they were still new, does not altogether account for this. There is about Florio a freshness, a mastery of pictorial English, a jaunty confidence, a happy knack, which make up to English readers for what is lost of Montaigne's own especial flavour. His interpolations and free renderings proclaim him, of course, an arrant rascal in the eyes of commentators. Cotton owes his survival to some of the same qualities—to his sturdy English, to his general grip of Montaigne and of his own tongue. The greater sobriety of his style, if not of his treatment of the original, has gained him a wider respect, perhaps, if less love.

Of course, neither one nor the other is useful as a crib. Cotton regarded his as a distinct improvement on Florio's. In his preface to his own edition—one of several things of interest which his editor has not thought worth while to reproduce—he modestly says, "The author has suffered by me, as well as the former Translator, though I hope, and dare affirm, that the misinterpretations I shall be found guilty of, are neither so numerous nor so gross. I cannot discern my own Errours, it were unpardonable in me if I could, and did not mend them; but I can see his (except when we are both mistaken), and those I have corrected, but am not so ill-natur'd as to shew where." Mr. Carew Hazlitt's edition is of no avail to prove the truth of this, but Cotton's edition of 1685-6, set side by side with Florio's, will show that one was not much more verbally precise than the other. But wherever the balance of accuracy may lie, the balance of wit and good entertainment lies with Florio. Cotton went about the work in a less light-hearted way, probably. He had the decency to take the responsibility of press errors on himself, and begs to be excused for them, living as he was "at so remote a distance from it [the press], and supplying it with a slubber'd copy from an illiterate amanuensis." "Resolute" and happy-go-lucky John Florio, on the other hand, remarks casually: "Enough, if not too much, hath beene said of this Translation. If the faults found even by my selfe in the first impression, be now by the Printer corrected, as he was directed, the worke is much amended: If not, know that through mine attendance on her Majesty, I could not intend it."

The treatment the two have received from their editors is significant. The edition of Cotton's Montaigne under review is practically that issued by Mr. Carew Hazlitt in 1877, in which he followed, in an aggravated fashion, the practice adopted by his father, and which is explained thus in the preface: "I have," says the editor, "in the case of all these interpolations on Cotton's part, felt bound, where I did not cancel them, to throw them down into the notes. . . . Nor is redundancy or paraphrase the only form of transgression in Cotton, for there are places in his author which he thought proper to omit, and it is hardly necessary to say that the restoration of all such matter to the text was considered essential to its integrity and completeness." Cotton's individuality is held of no account. All the incidental points of interest in the early editions, the preface already quoted, the biography and vindication of Montaigne, the fulsome dedication to the Marquis of Halifax—"My lord, I cannot, I could not flatter you, I do not think your Lordship capable of being flattered"—all these have been omitted. As to the emendations, the value they give to the edition is a doubtful one. In the first place, the editor's plan has not been carried out. The interpolations have not all been cancelled, luckily, or thrown down into the notes. And the corrections, in the shape of the substitution of words or phrases, or the modernising of constructions, are capricious and arbitrary, and often just succeed in letting the individual flavour escape. Why should "friendship" be turned into "confraternity," or "fatal power" into "fated power," or "his very green years" into "his boyhood," or "singular friendship" into "unique friendship," or "leagues" into "confederations"? And on what principle are the parallel passages from Florio printed in the foot-notes? Yet the three volumes bear evidence of editorial care and study, and in their white canvas binding make a sightly addition to a shelf of readable books.

Florio has perhaps been looked on as too incorrigible for emendation. In truth, his style would be hard to prune. And so his very self is allowed to speak, and his editor obtrudes no further than a very excellent preface. There are no foot-notes even. But Florio's amusing or verbose prefaces and dedications have not been omitted. It is not a reprint of the first folio edition of 1603, with the tombstone-like dedications (he called them "consecrated altars") to right honourable ladies. The text, dedication, and preface are those of 1632; the title-page that of 1613. The selection is justified by the result. It is a fair book to handle and look at, and the printers, Messrs. Constable, should be allowed a large share of the credit. The page has an open, friendly appearance, as if in welcome of the mood in which we seek this English mirror of a most companionable book. G-Y.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.*

To those who, in Tennyson's words, had "loved the man and prized his work," this noble volume is alike delightful and satisfactory. Except Sir Walter Scott's 'Journal,' we know none so truthful or suggestive. It is a valuable possession for all readers; even for those who never felt the personal charm of his companionship, the genial frankness and sterling honesty, the irrepressible enthusiasm and unfailing kindness, which made Gilfillan dear to all who knew him in his private circle. His intellectual vigour, while fearlessly denouncing wrong, was persistently devoted to the cause of individual, no less than of national, freedom. Strong in faith, he upheld belief in "the Fatherhood of God," and in the personal second advent of our Lord. His influence as a preacher and popular writer was great in his native Scotland, during his own lifetime, when "Gilfillan of Dundee" was a name of power. He was a man of indisputable genius, who still bears sway, having left behind him as a monument a perfect library of books, that prove the width, the height, and the depth of his sympathies. He held a larger sovereignty over students than Carlyle himself, and used it more wholesomely, for he both felt and taught the truth of Christianity. Faults he had, in his impulsiveness of speech, hurtful in controversy no less than in criticism. He was habitually a reformer of abuses, aggressive in zeal, and lacked the patience needed for the laborious exposition of doctrine or the careful editing of texts. But few men equalled him in his catholicity of taste, or in his glowing appreciation of whatsoever is beautiful and good. He was always able to arouse a kindred enthusiasm in others by his judicious and generous criticism. Opponents might disparage the occasional exaggeration of his language, and mock some rhetorical flourish or irrelevant comparison. He allowed himself to be immoderate in praise; but he seldom erred in disparagement, and even where he condemned he struck no foul blow of personal malignity; although on certain subjects he would never admit any compromise, and could be "a good hater" in the better sense intended by Dr. Johnson. From first to last he was thoroughly sincere, full of courage, and somewhat reckless of offending the conventionalities. Stainless and pure, he was what he styled himself in his defiant semi-autobiography of 1856, "A MAN."

We cannot praise too highly the ability with which the present book is edited. As a record of his life it is full of instruction. Gilfillan was a pioneer of progress, and in several respects the author of 'Christianity and our Era,' 1857, was a martyr as well as a prophet, far in advance of his time. Great were his literary successes; yet to those who knew his active ministerial life, the thousand ways in which he helped all who came within the range of his influence, his printed books were the least part of him. His love for children, his brotherhood with the toiling poor, his tenderness towards all sufferers, his guidance into holiness and faith of those who had fallen and were despondent or desperate, made him beloved, literally by multitudes. The solemnity of his sudden death intensified that affection, so that his burial at Balgay Cemetery was of unequalled pathos. It was on the 17th of August, 1878. "There were more than a thousand in the funeral train: it was that

* 'George Gilfillan: Letters and Journals.' With Memoir and Portrait. Edited by Robert A. Watson, M.A., D.D., and Elizabeth S. Watson. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 1892.

of a distinguished citizen, mourned by all classes, and most of all by the multitude, to whom the fame of the literary man is far less than that of the Christian preacher and friend."

The Memoir is divided into two parts, viz., "the first forty years," 1813-53, and "the last twenty-five." The interest is maintained throughout. He was a United Presbyterian, born at Comrie in Perthshire, son of the Rev. Samuel Gilfillan, whose memory he revered. His earliest success was with the first of three "Galleries of Literary Portraits," contributed to Thomas Aird's conservative *Dumfries Herald*, in 1840 to 1845. His 'Bards of the Bible' was welcomed in 1851, then followed 'The Martyrs of the Covenant' and 'The History of a Man,' 1856, arousing violent opposition. Of sweeter influence and wider acceptation came his Bible studies in 1860, 'Alpha and Omega.' Before reaching the 'Journals' of 1862-64, and the later part of the Memoir, there intervenes a section on 'His Friendships and Letters,' which are arranged in groups, addressed respectively to W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, Dr. Samuel Brown, Sydney Dobell (whose poems, with those by Alexander Smith and J. Stanyan Bigg, of Ulverstone, were first introduced publicly by Gilfillan), and, chief of all, to Thomas Aird. Yet these form only a sample of his voluminous correspondence, a valuable record of his literary and ministerial activity. We know that he never left a letter unanswered, but replied at once, and poured out his ideas prodigally to thousands of inquirers on every variety of subject. His versatility and industry were marvellous. He never husbanded his strength, physical or mental. This reckless profusion accounts for all the flaws of excessive verbiage, but he was approaching a chastened sobriety of style in later years. His friends loved him. He was self-assertive, to the outer world, but not conceited. He knew his own strength, and his weakness. Few men equalled him in the power he exerted of swaying his auditory and his readers towards truth and purity of life. He was fortunate in having Margaret Vallentine as his wife, his life-long friend and helper, whose merits were beyond praise. This book does justice to her and to him. It becomes an inseparable companion to his own writings, and deserves to be cherished by every friend and reader of George Gilfillan. J. W. EBSWORTH.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

'Hours in a Library' is a popular, but scarcely appropriate title for this collection of critical essays. In the first place, each of them must have taken many hours to compose, and there is no more reason why they should have been written in a library than in a back-bedroom or a boat. Their tone is by no means bibliothecarial, much less bibliomaniacal—they deal not with books, but with what is inside them, and inside the authors' skulls, so far at least as Mr. Stephen can peep into them. The edition is new, and a very nice edition it is, binding neat, volumes just the right size to hold, print fairly large—alas! how big *all* print used to look twenty years ago. The edition is new, and it is "with additions," but which are the additions we are not told. In taking up a book of this character, we naturally turn at once to the Preface, but there is no Preface. In the face of this reticence I infer from the style and structure of the essays that they probably appeared first in some magazine. If so, their republication is clearly defensible, because, since there is at least one bookman who has never read magazines since his childhood, it follows that Mr. Stephen could only reach that particular bookman in book form, and otherwise could hardly claim to be as universally read as he deserves to be.

Perhaps the best feature of the book is that which will repel some, its length and variety. The thirty-two essays deal almost entirely with prose authors, and form, if not precisely an encyclopædia, a fair selective view of modern literature. I have not yet read it all—I don't know whether I shall—but I shall certainly advise other people to do so. It will do them heaps of good—especially the heavy parts and the obscurer passages. An immense majority of our fellow-creatures, at least of our fellow-gentlemen and fellow-ladies, our superiors in every other grace and art—for let the haughty bookman not forget that after all the writing and reading and reviewing of books fills but one little chamber in the House of Life—a vast majority have skimmed a certain number of the English classics, but have never formed any definite opinions whatsoever about them; partly, no doubt because their supply of thought is only equal to the demand made by the essentials of existence, scandal, politics, and dress; but also not unfrequently because they are shy of thinking, not knowing precisely how to set about it. These goodly beings—do not think I sneer at them; I envy them all, male and female, their beauty, their strength, their skill, their wonderful make-up, and the tireless zeal they manage to throw into it, the foreigners they shoot down, and the furious horses they stick on to, the dukes or moneyed widows they capture, the ease with which they jostle into Parliament or float through a ball-room—I envy them everything but their want of originality. Poor, splendid, glorified children, they have to be told what to think about every mortal thing under the sun, for they are far too orthodox to allow that 'twere better to have thought all wrong than never to have thought at all. Hence the harmless, necessary race of critics from the great grave Mr. Stephen down to the little Abderite-Ego. Intellectual persons, and they are legion, who have been reading some highly-recommended works—only somehow they "can't quite recall the names just at this moment, and goodness knows what it was all about"—would do well to read steadily through Mr. Stephen's essays. He will not only teach them what to think, but let them see how he himself thinks and judges. One classic studied under such a safe guide is better for them than a dozen idly skimmed. But for my own part I hate reading or writing about books; worse than all, I hate writing about writings about writings. The horror of it may be extended by geometrical progression *ad infinitum*—fancy A's Article on B's Notes on C's Prolegomena to D's Animadversions on E's Strictures on F's Commentary on G's—ugh! This is sad levity. The reader will sniff, and the Editor, most indulgent of literary fathers, will mildly scold, but this eternal criticism rouses a reaction near akin to giggling in church. Not all the tomes of comment from the Scholiasts to Mr. Stephen can then bring back soberness, but only a draught from the original fount—a simple Psalm, a quiet page of Montaigne, a rumble of the living thunder of Johnson.

But, to be serious, I must own to a certain disappointment in reading these essays, considering Mr. Stephen's unquestioned supremacy as a critic and the splendid services he has rendered to English Letters. True, in those I have read, there is much that was new to me, but that is small praise. Much learning is unobtrusively displayed, and some sound judgment exercised. The criticism is catholic, broad, and tolerant—perhaps too broad and tolerant—perhaps that is why it seems sometimes lacking in point and definiteness. There is a decided tendency to prolixity, nay, even to dulness; some pages might have been replaced by a couple of bright sentences. Clearly these were written, and, if so, felicitously written for magazines. But more than all I seem to miss the warmth of affection for favourite books. Mr. Stephen will reply that affection is not criticism, but in certain cases it is either a condition precedent or subsequent of criticism. Take Sterne for instance. Mr. Stephen pulls it to pieces, analyses the different elements, exposes the machinery, and makes many more or less judicious remarks thereon. But he fails to put it all together again, to restore to us the cherished whole intact. He proves how imperfect it is—well, we knew it was imperfect, but we loved it all the same. He insists that is immoral—we don't want to have Sterne's immorality forced upon us—if Sterne had been a moral man he would only have written tracts and second-hand 'Divine Legations.' What we prize in 'Tristram Shandy,' and what I venture to think Mr. Stephen in most cases too critically makes light of, is the essential identity of the book, its living individuality, its soul. Such books are rare, no doubt; they are not as dictionaries and Dickens's novels. In them it is not merely the characters that live, but the book itself is as it were a living thing, a personal entity, a

* 'Hours in a Library.' By Leslie Stephen. New Edition. In three volumes. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

persona. A reference to 'Tristram Shandy' calls up, not the portrait of Uncle Toby or Trim, but the whole book as a whole, which we merely personify if we call it Sterne. No criticism, as Mr. Stephen has unconsciously proved, can explain why a book so imperfect should exert this magisterial influence, but it does. Why could not Diderot improve on Sterne?—say rather why was he fool enough to try? Sterne may have been a beast hardly worthy of Christian burial for all we care, but there is something so infinitely rare and precious about his faulty, disgraceful old book that no rich binding, no honoured place on the shelves, can be too good for it. It is no mere book; it is an old friend loved for his very failings. So, too, with Richardson—the Fielding I dared not venture on—it is holy ground. Mr. Stephen's reflections on 'Clarissa' are sound and acute, but there is something lacking. It is not that he rubs the gilt off the gingerbread; we knew all along that it was sticky indigestible stuff at bottom—but that he seems to more than suspect that the gilding is only Dutch metal after all; while to me it is just pure gold. Infinitesimally thin as is the gilding that veils the clumsy confectionery, it is this ineffable sheen of homogeneous purpose and limpid individuality which raises 'Clarissa Harlowe' from a prosy old novel to the position of a book-friend.

Were it worth while I might go on multiplying instances, but they would after all prove no more than that not even a critic so accomplished as Mr. Stephen can modify the estimates which we have formed for ourselves of the books we love. He probably would be the last to ruthlessly disturb our ideals, even if he could. For right or wrong he who sees clearly but one side of a great book and glories in seeing it is better off than he who confusedly descries many. To those who see nothing whatever but a blinding glare, whereat they wonder all agape—and many see not even that—Mr. Stephen's criticism will come as a guiding revelation. Yes. I will advise everybody to read it—except myself. For surely doctors may differ, even the least from the greatest, or where is the good of being a doctor at all? To which he may retort, that no doctor is infallible, not even the most ignorant.

Y. Y.

A COUNTRY MUSE. NEW SERIES.*

Mr. Gale in his last volume made an announcement whose fulfilment we looked for here, not with desire, but with interest:

> "Who will may take Love's pipe from out my fingers,
> Who will may sing the songs I used to sing,
> No more where dying daylight shyly lingers
> Will I, made musical, salute the Spring."

So he sang. He was to "dare the steep that bounds the plain," and henceforward there might be expected from him more serious outpourings. The fulfilment is not evident in the second series of the 'Country Muse,' which in reality consists of further selections from the early volumes out of which the first series was likewise culled, with some additions. We are not disappointed. We rarely trust a poet's new departure until we are compelled by its assured success, and country loves and blushes and blossoms and carollings will seem to us the fittest themes for Mr. Gale's fresh song till he teach us otherwise. There are some graver notes here, but the volume is still mainly dedicate to the "rough romance of country love"; it still smells of budding roses and frothing milkpails. Perhaps it is hardly so exquisite as the last, but it displays no less plainly what is Mr. Gale's distinctive excellence. He is not a discoverer or inventor of new things. He rather delights in using the names and traditions of an older and an artificial age, but his imitation goes no further. He has the most unshakable belief in the everlasting youth of the world. His themes are the primitive affections, the hearty mirth, the ready smiles and tears and blushes of simple and straightforward lovemaking. Many write of these, but in a tired and complicated age, Mr. Gale is one of the few that believe in them, and whatever be its exact literary value, his poetry is accordingly a refreshment. As becomes so simple a singer he is frankly sensuous. His love songs are not ethereal. They are not tender or plaintive; they are full of enjoyment and sauciness, and for these qualities, "A Pastoral" and "Clarinda's Shy" are unmatchable.

There are some other notes audible now and again. The portrait of "A Woman" is harsh and ugly:

> "She is mercy and hate in a breath,
> Half venom and hymns;
> . . . . . .
> She is velvet and scandal and lace
> And beautiful limbs;
> She is made of a gallon of tears,
> A pottle of whims!"

But this tone is exceptional. In his "Forest-temple" have come to him flashes of human truth, simple, earnest, and sane. His "Last Words" contain some of these, and they are worth noting. There are others in the strange ill-strung-together poem "To a Young Lady in Excuse." But the sum of them all, and of whatever is best in this book of verses, is contained in "The Country Faith":

> "Here in the country's heart,
> Where the grass is green,
> Life is the same sweet life
> As it e'er hath been.
>
> Trust in a God still lives,
> And the bell at morn
> Floats with a thought of God
> O'er the rising corn.
>
> God comes down in the rain,
> And the crop grows tall—
> This is the country faith,
> And the best of all!"

G-Y.

* A Country Muse. New Series. By Norman Gale. (D. Nutt.)

MR. HENLEY AND MR. STEVENSON'S PLAYS.*

One of the first things to be remarked about at least two out of these three plays is the evident indifference of their authors to mere congruity of detail. The scene of "Deacon Brodie" is laid in Edinburgh towards the close of the eighteenth century. But beyond the fact that one or two of the characters speak a kind of modified Scots dialect, and that others have a habit of ejaculating, "Stap my vitals!"—which was perhaps a fashionable oath of the time—the conversation points to no particular age or country. The Deacon praises the distinction of English manners to Captain Rivers, the highwayman, in terms like these: "Lard, Lard, split me! stap my vitals! Oh, such manners are pure, pure, pure. They are, by the shade of Claude Duval!" This may be very fitting, but then his soliloquy on page twenty-one has the complexion, not of another mood but of another age—"The city has its vizard on, and we—at night, we are our naked selves. Trysts are keeping, bottles cracking, knives are stripping; and here is Deacon Brodie flaming forth, the man of men he is! How still it is! . . . My father and Mary. Well! the day for them, the night for me; the grinning cynical night that makes all cats grey, and all honesties of one complexion." And such expressions as "Ain't he just, and don't he live up to it," and "I'm cock of this thundering walk," have the ring of still another epoch. But Mr. Henley, of course, is an authority on slang. This is a matter of secondary importance, but when joined to a similar defect, the putting of unaccountable sentiments—unaccountable because we are not provided with the key—into the mouths of characters which at best we but half understand, we begin to see why these plays had but a moderate dramatic success. "Beau Austin," the least interesting, the most superficial, the prettiest, may be excepted from this judgment. The fact is, "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea" would have provided subjects for admirable novels, and they are interesting but rather imperfect plays. We want very much to understand a point like this for instance: Why the vulgar burglar spoke sometimes in poetry and was so proud of his French? The author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" could provide us with the key, but the trammels of stage form prevent him.

"Admiral Guinea" suggests still greater possibilities for a work of fiction, though as a play it drags more than the others. Pew is lively even in his present setting, but his circumstances place him at a disadvantage compared with

* 'Three Plays.' By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea. (David Nutt.)

Silver. The Admiral's trouble about his soul has a disproportionately large space allotted to it in these four acts. The history of his life and his love-story—which has some touches that must be credited to Mr. Henley, seeing that his collaborator has never given us the right to expect anything quite so good in this way—read like the pages of a novel, part of which, in fact, they ought to be.

The imperfections of the plays hardly, however, diminish their interest. If they are not the productions of skilful playwrights, yet the handiwork of literary artists is visible on most of the pages. And the publisher has sent them out to the world in a charming dress.

STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC.*

These studies, biographical and critical, have interest for others besides musicians. Indeed, from a musician's point of view, there is probably some want of definiteness and of science about them. They are not technical. The introductory chapter on "Music and Musical Criticism, a Discourse on Method" contents itself with a popular exposition of the subject, which is as much as to say that it shirks some difficulties. But the general reader gains thereby. Of course the critical part of the book will only be intelligible to those who have at least some emotional experience of music. Of Berlioz's two classes of persons of imperfect musical sympathy, it is to those *qui ne savent pas*, not those *qui ne sentent pas*, that it is addressed. Thinking of the book from the point of view of readers possessed of little technical knowledge, the introduction is of first importance as pointing out certain principles underlying all the arts, and differentiating music from the other arts, not strictly, but in a fashion intelligible to all. The painter and the novelist and the poet recognise the kinship of music when they are reminded that music has experienced the very same pedantries and struggles that have marked the degeneration and the progress of their own arts, and that in music, as in the others, above the battle cries and the din of factions—nowhere louder than in the domain of art—the one universal law remains, that no school, no system, no master, has compelling power over the artist, but that sincerity is ever the abiding test of genius. There is a good deal of obviousness about all this, but these obvious things are so continually being forgotten, and their neglect embitters every career that aims beyond mediocrity. Mr. Hadow is democratic in his tone. Even in this much-abused Philistine land he will have it that it is the authorities and not the people that have been to blame, that it is "not the feeling of the people that is at fault, but their experience." He is proud of England's musical past. His explanation of her more recent degeneracy is, at least, plausible, and on the strength of the fact that English composers now understand the value of individuality and national feeling, he boldly declares that "the day of England's Music is at hand."

Modern music is closely allied with literature. Even where it is not the interpreter of poetry, it has followed, since the revolt from classical traditions, the tendency of modern literature, "To paint Man, Man, whatever the issue." Since its enfranchisement from strict counterpoint the walls of its isolation have broken down. It claims now to express human emotion, not by definite rules, but as it best can; and that is one reason why the life of the modern musician is just as full of interest to a novelist, say, as the life of one of his brother craftsmen would be. Mr. Hadow's typical modern musicians, Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner, as artists, were stalwart fighters for liberty. As human beings their lives were full of romance and colour. Berlioz and Wagner were men of their time in more senses than one, hot-headed revolutionists, men of the barricades. They were all three strong intellectual forces that made themselves felt outside the bounds of their own art. They were, too, as it happened, men of letters. All three were journalists. Schumann's editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift* marked a new era in artistic criticism, and the fanciful record of the imaginary *Davidsbünd*, the members of which were creatures of his own gentle melancholy, generous soul, is one of the strangest incidents in music or in literature. Wagner had the fury of writing on him, and trusted to his pen as much as to his *bâton* for his conquest of Europe. His librettos prove him a poet of no small merit. Berlioz hated his forced labours as a *feuilletonist*—at least, he said so—and yet a wittier *feuilletonist* never handled a pen. The odds and ends in his delightful "Soirées d'Orchestre" and his "Grotesques de la Musique" will probably live when much of his music has been forgotten. Whatever be his place in the art of his choice, at least he was an undoubted humourist.

The portraits of the three musicians, of Madame Schumann as a girl, and of Madame Berlioz as Henrietta Smithson, are excellent. There was a place vacant for a book like this, and Mr. Hadow's 'Studies' fills it admirably.

* 'Studies in Modern Music.' By W. H. Hadow, M.A. With portraits. (Seeley and Co.)

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

CALMIRE. [THE NEWEST SANDFORD AND MERTON.] In two vols. 21s. (Macmillan.)

"'Wait a moment,' said Calmire, 'What I have to say is commonplace enough, so is what I *have* said, for that matter.'" Mr. Calmire inculcates in this subtle fashion the virtue of modesty in his audience. "I should be little worthy of the distinguished regard with which you treat me, did I not with the greatest sincerity assure you that I feel myself totally unqualified for the task" [of instructing Tommy], was Mr. Barlow's way of expressing a similar humble-mindedness in a former generation. "'Bless you, boy,' Mr. Calmire says to pupil No. 2—a young cub, whose manners have suffered that they were not formed in Mr. Barlow's age—'Bless you, boy, I haven't been saying anything new.'" Beautiful condescension of virtue and wisdom! Of course, it can't be commonplace, and of course it must be new, for is it not all about protoplasm and evolution and moral progress that he talks to his pupils? The amount of talking he gets through is enormous, and all for the love of it. He is no hireling tutor, but an American gentleman of leisure. "'Agnostic—' said Mr. Bar-Calmire. 'What does that queer word mean?'" asked Nina. Nina, by the way, pupil No. 2, is a young lady who has been much out in New York society, but the world has not dulled the fine edge of her ingenuous simplicity. Nina is a good Churchwoman, to begin with, and makes little *moues* when the tutor says awful things. Occasionally she "uttered a wondering 'How?'" But Mr. Calmire's lectures were too fascinating to withstand, and she is soon jogging him on with "'Tell me more about it, please.'" "'And,' he continued, laughing ["laughing," here mark the development in the natural history of the genus Barlow] 'as aptitudes tend to concentrate themselves in the nerves best adapted for them, we may yet have a new organ, etc., etc.'" "'But how ugly we'd be with a new organ!'" exclaimed Nina. "'You're expressing the jelly-fish's opinion of a creature with eyes, aren't you,'" said Calmire. "'Great Heavens!' Nina ejaculated; 'how narrow all our everyday notions are!'" . . . "'Oh, it's a delight to teach you!' exclaimed Calmire." Of course, it must have been! "'Now don't think of this any more before you go to sleep, but think it over hard when you wake. Good-night,' and he kissed her forehead." The good old tradition is kept up, and a thread of story strings the conversation together. The young cub gets into trouble, and out of it rather too easily, some will think, all because he is a young scapegrace of good family—the newest 'Sandford and Merton' is not nearly so sturdily Republican as the old. Everything ends most satisfactorily. Mr. Calmire, after having enjoyed his own conversations thoroughly, has the pleasure of seeing his two young pupils set out on the fair path of Agnosticism under his virtuous guidance. The wicked person disappears. The inconvenient person is comfortably packed off. And even the clergyman, the most recalcitrant to the good Mr. Calmire's influence and conversation, is brought to see at least some of the error of his ways.

Those who like to slump their mental food, who like to be done good to in their fiction, and to have their science sweetened, who would feel deliciously "advanced," could they find a short (comparatively short) cut from old-fashioned belief to complacent Agnosticism, let them storm the libraries for 'Calmire.' Why should it not become as popular as 'Robert Elsmere?'

JANE FIELD. By Mary E. Wilkins. (Osgood and McIvaine.)

Miss Wilkins has worked on a larger plan this time, with more complicated materials, and in darker colours. Her first novel is by no means an unqualified success. Even judging from the little pastels by which she made her fame, New England character, by her reading in it, was hard and angular enough in all conscience. But here there is hardly anything at all to relieve the monotony in the picture. The life depicted is but a series of repressions, of narrow horizons, the dailiest of cares, and sufferings turned inwards for lack of a sympathetic outside atmosphere. The story is a most melancholy one. Jane Field is a widow with an only daughter, Lois, who is dying of consumption. To gain rest and comforts for her she commits a fraud. Lois dare not divulge the secret, but she becomes estranged from her mother, and neither one nor the other will allow themselves to profit by the deception that has been practised. Lois is released from school-keeping, but they are well-nigh starving. The terrible strife of conscience going on within the mother's heart, her hard, unlovely ways, her fierce, inarticulate affection for her child, make up such a terrible picture that there is no painful note added when her tired brain gives way at last, and she babbles her confession to every stranger that crosses her path. There is very little, but there is something, to relieve the gloom. The east winds of life had not stifled Mrs. Babcock's vitality or her spirit of adventure. Not the awful thunder-storm, nor Jane Field's strange behaviour and scant hospitality, will prevail on her to curtail one moment of the unwonted treat she has planned for herself, a jaunt from home. It may not be pleasant, but her railway fare must buy at least all the time she had bargained for. By far the cleverest scene in the book is Mrs. Maxwell's tea-party. Her daughter had just gone off and got married surreptitiously. The guests bring the news to the mother, who acts the dignified part of having known and thoroughly approved of the step to perfection. The alternate certainty and doubt of the guests as to whether she had known or not is an excellent bit of by-play, for which the rest of the book gives us reason to be grateful. Part of the pain Miss Wilkins' story causes comes from the doubt whether she has not after all been unveiling an unreal misery, and gratuitously torturing us.

THE NEW BORDER TALES. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott.)

Sir George Douglas has collected a number of Border stories and traditions. They have been told to him by word of mouth, or he has taken them from old ballads, or found them in family histories. He has freely manipulated them, has invented supplementary incidents and assigned localities. But their old-world origin is manifest. There is nothing modern about their conception or their setting. Told in a brief, straightforward fashion, and in somewhat old-fashioned language, they call up the glamour, the romance, and the lonesomeness of the Border country. They tell of ghosts and ghostly memories, of dark pages from family histories, of hidden treasure, of strange madness, and strong passions. "The Match not Made in Heaven" is one of the best. But the weirdest is "The Broken Tryst," with its eerie picture of the girl in the tree watching her false lover dig her grave below.

DARK. A Tale of the Down Country. In 2 vols. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The plot of this story is slight and familiar enough, a rustic seduction with its attendant Nemesis. But the theme is treated with considerable force and without hysterics or maudlin sentiment. In spite of herself the authoress cannot help investing her rural heroine with a certain tincture of her own refinement; what poor Dorcas thus gains as a heroine she loses as a type of her class. Nor are the love scenes particularly natural or edifying. The hero, the seducer, is at first (perhaps intentionally) an insufferable monster, the typical rector's-son-home-from-college; but by no mean artifice we are at last brought to endure and pardon the prostrate prig. Slight as is the story, it is however very remarkable from its veracious local colour, and admirable pictures of cottage life. These are just now far too rare for us to neglect any that we can really trust. The writer photographs village life in the Berkshire downs in its present phase as Board Schools and the Labourers' Union have influenced it. That phase may soon pass, and here, for one locality at least, it is rescued from oblivion. The talk of the rustics, more especially of the women, is inimitably racy. The authoress seems to have explored every cranny of their worthy shallow souls in precisely the same way, and as shrewdly as ever George Eliot analysed the Warwickshire peasants of the last generation. Moreover, her reflections on the social problems now arising in our rural communities are marked by the keenest judgments founded on real, not borrowed, knowledge. Gloomy as is the picture, it is not pessimistic. The comic element is ever present, nor is a touch of heroism wanting in the unselfish devotion of the peasant lover, which is drawn without exaggeration or affectation. The author of 'Dark' might do for the villages of our day what Miss Mitford did for hers, and do it still better.

A SPLENDID COUSIN. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

This month has brought two interesting volumes of the "Psuedonym Library." One of them, 'A Splendid Cousin,' is a study in a particularly obnoxious type of modern woman. Theodora is an exaggeration, of course. Probably no woman was ever so blindly, recklessly selfish, or so unconscious of her own shortcomings. Or, at least, in real life her fascination would hardly have been so powerful, and her end would have been a little less stern and a little less logical. She is near enough, however, to a reality of the present day to be worth satirising. "Theodora said that without lessons from Bingen her violin-playing would never be worth anything. Of course if you have a daughter who is a genius it is not wise to thwart her. Besides, when Theodora was unhappy she got ill, and nothing made her so unhappy as the thought that she was losing a single hour of the time allowed to man for the development of his faculties and the nurture of his soul." It is highly probable that Wyndham, who "knew more about the Phagocyte Theory than any man in Europe," would have found Theodora out at a glance. When her mother said to him, "Theodora leads such a beautiful life," he would probably have said "Fudge!" under his breath. Even if he did find "her deep red gown a mystical and bewitching garment," he would certainly have yawned when she read the New Poetry aloud to him. And in all probability he would have married brave little Ruth as he ought to have done. But "Mrs. Andrew Dean" thinks otherwise, and condemns him to a hideous life, to dine on stale cod, and eat rice pudding every day of the week, to the companionship of a desperate wife with violinist's cramp, and over and above that, artistic incompetence. In the end he was brutal enough, and she walked out to the towing-path one night—and then the rails ended. The story is not a pleasant one, but it is what unpleasant things do not always contrive to be, wholesome.

COLETTE. By Philippe Saint Hilaire. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

JEAN DE KERDREN. By Philippe Saint Hilaire. Independent Novel Series. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The other Pseudonym story is an antidote to the melancholy engendered by 'The Splendid Cousin.' Colette would stare at Theodora, and probably laugh. She is the most ignorant, backward, most superstitious of girls. But no one could be proof against her elfish charm, and we therefore never altogether believe in Aunt Aurora, who is reported to have disapproved of her. She lives in poverty and isolation in an old ruined chateau. She is snowbound there, too, and bored to death. Therefore she needs must dream of a lover coming to deliver her. She had been at a convent school in Paris, and knows what a well-conducted hero should be like: "He is tall, dark, with black hair, straight eyebrows, and severe eyes. His appearance is gloomy, his voice is imperious, etc." But he doesn't come, and life is very dull. So she keeps a diary, and begins a *neuvaine*, a nine days' prayer to St. Joseph to send her a deliverer. She sets up an image of the saint, makes an altar, and prays as hard as ever she can, and finds it a distraction. The saint is obdurate, and at the end of the nine days, in a fit of exasperation, she throws his image out of the window into the road, and nearly kills a man. The stranger hasn't black hair or straight eyebrows, and he behaves in a cynical and un-

gallant fashion and she is a very clumsy nurse. Of her first attempt at making coffee—well, Pierre, the sick man, writes to his friend, Jacques, "Ah! my friend, every man has his bitter cup, which he must drain in this world, without speaking of those which purgatory has in store for him. I know it, and I am resigned; but mine was intolerably bitter that day!" "You have never seen anything less feminine than this young person." She abuses him in her diary, a little more doubtfully every time. He abuses her and laughs at her in his letters to Jacques, and when he is well from his hurt leaves her with expressions of cold gratitude. Colette thinks everything cannot be quite right, and Pierre—well, Pierre has to write once again to his friend, "You do not believe me, do you, Jacques? You saw how it was, and you know that for a month I have lied to you. . . . She is a charming wild flower which has blossomed between earth and sky for me." And so she is, and her story is as fresh and pretty and witty as could be wished for. Which makes us all the more astonished that the same "M. Saint-Hilaire" should have written 'Jean De Kerdren,' too. Jean, the last of the Counts De Kerdren, was distinguished and high bred. He had flashing eyes that "made you think of the eagle, a lion, the sun, of everything, in fact, difficult to fix." He was, moreover, "a mass of contradictions," and should, according to all rules, have been interesting, but he was not. He had made up his mind not to marry, but of course he did, out of generosity, purely. The marriage was not very successful, through no fault of his wife. Just when things are being pulled straight, Alice begins to die. Henceforward the story settles down to doctors, and diagnoses, and depression. Alice dies, and De Kerdren, who has been a sailor, becomes a priest, we don't know why. Surely of all the evils to fill a story-book with, physical malady is the most terrible and the most profitless.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER. By H. S. Merriman. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith and Elder.)

'The Slave of the Lamp' was a very able and a somewhat improbable story. There are as great improbabilities in its successor, with one or two additional faults, and no less ability. 'From One Generation to Another' has been written in a fit of ill-temper. It is unamiable, vindictive even. Sentences like "When nature makes a fool in the guise of a woman she turns out a perfect work," are scattered about pretty thickly." Anna Agar and "Sister" Cecilia are pursued relentlessly. They deserve it, for the one is a criminal as well as a fool, and the other is a meddlesome, mischevious bore. But the writer loves to prod them. The second defect, and it is an unpardonable one, is the bitter attack on a race through one of the meanest of its members. Seymour Michael was a villain; he was also a Jew, and the book is bespattered with sneers at the race that could produce him. He has, by the way, Scotch blood in his veins—this is an aggravation. Yet it is hard to see any trace of the shrewdness of either nation in the mess he made of his life. The contrast is, of course, provided by the stainless, stupid, handsome, intrepid, English gentleman—Jem Agar. The story is an improbable one. Michael plays the same imbecile villain's part twice over. Jem, stupid Englishman as he is, would never have let himself be befooled in the way he did. Surely, at least, his boasted gentlemanly instincts were in abeyance when he allowed it to be reported that he was dead. Yet there is not a really dull page in the book. The improbabilities do not hide the writer's insight into human nature; and Mr. Merriman's novels may be counted on for vigour and spirit, and literary power.

A BLOT OF INK. Translated from the French of René Bazin by Q. and Paul M. Francke. (Cassell and Co.)

This is a graceful French story of the altogether healthy and unexceptionable sort. At its best it reminds one of Töppfer. The humour has the same fresh, quiet character. The 'Blot of Ink' brought good fortune to Fabien Mouillard, student of law. But at first it caused him great annoyance. It was committed in the National Library; it defaced an Early Text. Fabien was preparing for his doctor's degree a thesis on the Junian Latins, a "subject entirely devoid of practical utility," and chosen with a view of prolonging his stay in Paris. The blot rouses the ire of M. Charnot of the Institute. M. Charnot is very rude, but he has a charming daughter, Mademoiselle Jeanne, and the Blot, together with the Junian Latins, brings about an introduction to her. To win her he must remain in Paris; but there is an old established notary's practice in Bourges awaiting him, and an expectant uncle. He refuses to return; and so the uncle cuts him off, and nearly breaks his own heart thereby. When Fabien is penniless in Paris, the friends whom he "discreetly questions, on behalf of an unnamed acquaintance, as to the means of earning money, gave him various answers. 'If your friend is at all clever, he should write a novel.' 'If he is not, there is the catalogue of the National Library; ten hours of indexing a day.' 'If he has ambition, let him become a wine merchant.' 'If he is very plain, and has no voice, he can sing in the chorus at the opera.' 'Shorthand writer in the Senate is a peaceful occupation,'" etc., etc. But fortune favours the brave, and especially the audacious, and after some improbable adventures he wins Jeanne at last, and a snug little berth is found for him in a library, where he will be "protected against idleness by the little he will do, and against revolution by the little he will be." M. Charnot of the Institute is a charming father-in-law. And boisterous Uncle Mouillard leaves his roses at Bourges, and settles down near the young people, and says, "When I used to live in the country, Fabien—" It is a happy picture of life to be grateful for, and the translators are to be congratulated on the way they have done their part.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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Editor of the Young Author's Page
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ADAM LAWES.—Good as far as it goes, but it goes such a very little way. Had you nothing more to say? At least you might have avoided such unnecessary slang as calling a walk a "constitutional."

ALISON.—This story is worth working at. The conception of the subject is interesting, and even powerful. But you should regard what you have done merely as the sketch of the final story. It is crude, and the expression is sometimes feeble. As to minor defects, there are various grammatical faults, and the spelling is weak. But there is in your MS. the promise of something really good.

APEX.—If only you could have made it shorter. Virtue oozes out of such poems when they are prolonged. At least the three concluding verses might be struck off, and some of the others might be contracted. It is a very pretty subject, and you have avoided the sentimentality it gave an opening for. It is good, and I should advise your sending it to a children's magazine.

A. R.—Good for its purpose and its audience. The extracts are very well chosen. But the criticism is rather poor, being mostly a series of compliments. What is the force of "although," p. 125, line 12? And what is the meaning of "He was a staunch admirer of R. B., and one who has written the best parody on that poet that we know of, commencing, etc."? You make a mistake in the name of one of your authors. And don't end with apologies. And a sentence like that on page 126, "Opinions . . . decide" has just no value at all.

A. S. B. L.—The best lines in your verses are probably unconscious imitations of 'In Memoriam.' The first two lines of stanza 3 are good —"And . . . Death." But cultivate a sense of humour, or of congruity so that in future it would be impossible for you to make a verse like the first one.

BACHELOR.—An old joke, but it seems always to amuse. And your version of it is amusing. This kind of fun is in great part a trick, but your powers may extend beyond it. You write very well, but why do you use "reluctancy"? Isn't "reluctance" good enough?

BETSY.—I fear I see little merit in your story. You have hardly done the matter of it justice, for it is carelessly written; but the incidents are not of interest, and they are disjointed, and form really no story at all. The jokes are very feeble. I should advise your giving up your literary ambitions until you have undergone some training in English composition, and till you have thought and observed a great deal more.

D. M. B.—Very good indeed. Picturesque in its effect. The only doubt as to its truth of detail arises in stanza 7, in the appeal of the "graceful maiden." I think you should suggest some particular circumstance which would, humanly, account for her desire.

DOROTHY FOSTER.—The Tennyson verses are very poor—and are they not rather audacious and irreverent? As for poem No. 2, was it really grief that inspired it? If so, I should have no right to comment on the taste it displays. Poem No. 3 is homely doggerel, but worth fifteen of the other two. The story is unwholesome, but much better than the verse. Your case wants a tonic. I should suggest good literature and the study of hard facts.

E. P.—Exceedingly good. No. 2 is much the best in reality, though the other has a more popular subject. You are hardly an amateur, but if you want advice at all, I should suggest that you should keep sentiment under as much as possible. With you success will probably lie in outward austerity.

ETHELON.—The subject matter calls more for criticism than the style. The paper is well written. But it seems to indicate a very limited acquaintance with the kind of literature it criticises. The class you speak of has not been neglected by writers of fiction. Individual members of it are introduced again and again by novelists, *e.g.*, by Dickens, George Eliot, etc., etc., and nine-tenths of the novelists of to-day. That some of the characteristics of the types you mention are ignored is possible, but that will remain so till an interpreter arise from among themselves. And you make the mistake of the extreme naturalist school in supposing that every type of human being is equally good for purposes of fiction. Save us from the novels prophesied in your last paragraph. Any neglect of the class you plead for arises from the fact that its members in modern times have drifted away from nature, and that it has degenerated more than any other into dulness and conventionality. As to the question in your letter, the difference between your essay and those contributed to the journal you mention seems not to be one of intelligence so much as of information and training.

FRANCIS VILLON.—Not a bad imitation of the grandiose style. But at times it reads more like a parody than an imitation, especially when you fall suddenly from your heights of dignity and allow Attacorae to "shake his fist at heaven." "Silence" would hardly "*smack* of the depths of some immeasurable abyss and the solitude of impenetrable mountains." You would probably be better employed—though an occasional attempt of this kind is a useful amusement—in not imitating, but in searching after your own style, which it would be well if you were to make out of a simpler vocabulary than you are in the habit of using. Your efforts are far from unpromising.

GAX.—The sonnet is vigorous, like its subject. Incidents as a rule—and your subject may be called an incident—are not very good matter for sonnets, and another lyrical form would have been better. And one of the penalties of using the sonnet form is that it shows up inequalities and irregularities in a merciless fashion, *e.g.*, line 2. And another is that commonplaces look more commonplace. There is one very happy play upon words in line 7, intentional or not. Is the title of the French one correct? Don't you mean 'L'Aveu.' And isn't there something to be amended in line 3? And the "Je te le dis tout franchement, moi," sounds like the beginning of a scolding rather than a declaration of love. Still, it is a creditable exercise.

γ. λ.—Cheapside would be a most unsuitable meeting-place from every point of view. And what do you mean by the "Fleet"—the prison or the stream? both now impossible to flock into. These details are not unimportant. Your subject is an impressive one, which makes your treatment of it regrettable. The metre you have chosen is a very difficult one to manage, and nearly every third line is faulty. The best reason for changing the metre, and occasionally the language, or revising the present version considerably, is that you have made a pathetic and impressive subject look absurd, *e.g.*, "By the burdens they are bearing they are predestined to woes, Woes from which our predecessors might have saved them had they chose."

GUILDHALL.—No. 1 is excellent. It has vigorous sound and sense. Beware, however, of repeated lines, unless they are very good. The others are very creditable, too. Nos. 2 and 3, in which you might have been conventional, have fresh images in them, and are evidently spontaneous. Nos. 4 and 5 are perhaps the weakest. You have good reason to persevere. Your verses are healthy, energetic, and free from affectations. I am far from applying the name to you you suggest.

J. A. R. G. J.—No. 1. The subject is treated in a rather original fashion, but the verses are not really made yet. You use weak, vague words, *e.g.*, stanza 1, line 3, and stanza 2, line 3. And does the dash represent something too dark to be expressed, or only your loss for a word? Work at the verses again. As for the other, why think of regular metre at all? It has a smack of Walt Whitman as it stands. Only it is a little wordy. And "great billowy creature" sounds hardly serious enough for your mood. Alter the first line entirely. It recalls something which had best not be compared with yours.

J. C.—Your prose is better. This specimen of your verse is interesting, showing your capacity for hearty appreciation, but it is not very good verse. When you make such a line as "We, to be great and noble, must be good," stop for a while, as your inspiration must have given out. It is almost unavoidable to use bad rhymes occasionally, but once betrayed into the use of one, don't go on repeating the fault, *e.g.*, in stanzas 2, 3, and 6. A "seeing seer" is bad, and so is "retrograde" as a verb. And line 4, stanza 1, has been done to death. Perhaps the general fault to be found with these verses is that they are too wordy, by which I am far from meaning that you have written nonsense.

JOURNALIST.—Evidently an early attempt, and not very promising. As a story it is not satisfactory. But what it most plainly shows is the strong need for you to learn to write simple English Yours is stiff and roundabout and ponderous and lengthy. "A fellow of considerable promise and undeniable potentialities," "dreamy, and given to reverie," are two examples picked out at hazard to show the need for curtailing. "Where the outlines of her former admirable perspective grew fainter," if it means anything at all, could be expressed in an easier fashion. You speak of "refractive" instead of "refractory," and from your use of "quixotism" it is doubtful if you understand what it means. It would not be amiss to write the story again, as it is short, in as simple and straightforward a way as you can. Try to put life into the characters, and either omit the conversations, or make them like those of probable human beings.

J. W. D.—Bill's story is not bad. The dialect points to the possibility of a local publication giving it hospitality. Probably you imagined the incident in some definite place. A little local colour would add to the interest. It wants filling up and manipulating. By the way, is "stotter" more forcible than "totter"? The prayer is good on the whole, but the first four lines are stiff and clumsy, and "path" and "hath" don't rhyme—except in the Midlands. The other verses begin very well indeed, but the end is too solemn and heavy for the light-hearted opening, and line 8 is atrocious.

K. M.—I'd omit the middle stanza of shorter lines. It isn't good—the three last lines are senseless. The others are a little above the standard of the average drawing-room song, and might be helped out a good deal by music.

L. E. G.—On the point of sentiment no fault can be found with these verses. It is a very familiar sentiment. The spelling is not perfect (stanza 1), and your nominatives have a way of falling out with your verbs (stanzas 1 and 2). Making such verses is a very innocent pastime, and, I believe, when of a slightly more cheerful character, they are considerably in demand for the reverse side of Christmas cards and other complimentary tokens.

M. B. C. M.—In a "Ten Minutes Paper" I would not waste one minute in apology. And the culinary figures of speech are too much insisted on. The defects of your essay come partly from lack of exercise in writing. You express yourself crudely, and you state commonplaces and truisms solemnly. Probably the practice of your profession will give you experiences worth writing about. Whether you will be able to express them adequately can be seen when the experiences have come more richly. You have hardly enough to say yet.

M. E.—Some of the "good-child" phrases would be better omitted, *e.g.*, 'Please, I'm ready," "When you're ready," etc., etc. They spoil the verses. You must mend line 3 of stanza 6. The verses are just a little babyish, even for babies. But the two last stanzas are good. A children's magazine would be more likely to accept them than a compiler of a book of verses.

NEDYAH.—Very good indeed. The only criticism such a pretty fancy calls for is that one has an uneasy doubt as to whose "fleet foot" is meant, and, on page 2, there is an abrupt and unexplained change from the conditional to the future tense.

O. O.—A horrible story! When you serve up horrors again, don't do so with jocular sauce. Try a comic subject, rather. The verses are crude and careless enough, but they show some knack of being funny. And repent heartily of this enormity you have committed.

PURITAN.—An impressive poem, but just a little obscure. In stanzas 1, for instance, there is rather a want of unity. "Lured apace By breezy slope, by subtle charm." "Lissom feet," you are evidently fond of, as you repeat it more than once. You might think over the phrase again, and "The saunterer girds his strength of thew." (?) There is a grammatical error in stanza 5. And have you a purpose in your change of tense in 7?

QUOD TENTO HABEO.—Sonnet I. is "smug." Is Sonnet II. a joke?—"Churned was the sea; afar the monster splashed." A sonnet, like the equator, should be beyond the region of joking. Sonnet III. "The thrill that follows when the fish is fairly caught"—is that true to an angler's nature? Sonnet IV. contains much comfort for yourself—"What is written never is the best." But the "halting pen" need not so obtrude itself. Some of the other verses are much better, but the "Song," page 16, is the only one that merits real praise. The two poems called "After Horace" are fair, but don't again commit an enormity like the first Rondeau. What is the meaning of the second and third "Adown the Glades"?

TRANSIT.—The consent of both author and publisher would be necessary. Your translation is creditable, but some of the verses towards the end seem a little careless. "Splendid Spring" is not good, nor is the line beginning "But with surprise," etc.

VIXEN.—I should be glad to look at the stories. There is a certain "go" in your verses, but they are certainly not beautiful, and the metre is simply doggerel. Indeed the account of such a very unpleasant meeting, or parting, could hardly make an agreeable poem. Perhaps prose would be a safer medium for your thoughts. But for your age this is not bad.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBEY, Rev. C. J.—Religious Thought in Old English Verse ..S. Low
[*An interesting book. The extracts chosen to illustrate the growth of religious thought in English poetry are excellent. They extend to the poetry of the end of last century, though the title would not lead one to expect this.*]

BROWN, J., D.D.—Sermons, with a biographical sketch by his son Maclehose
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BRUCE, A. B.—Apologetics, or Christianity defensively stated, International Theological Library, 10 6 ....T. & T. Clark
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[*The verses are not so inflammatory as the title would suggest. They have plenty of vigour and good sense and some picturesqueness about them.*]

LEYTON, F.—The Shadows of the Lake, 7/6 .....Longmans
[*Mr. Leyton's verse has received more recognition than that of most minor poets, for 'The Shadows of the Lake' is in its third edition. It is a low-spirited poem, and so are the others following it, but it has sense as well as refined sensibility. The present edition is finely printed and bound.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BENT, J. T.—The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, 18/-.....Longmans
[*A complete account of excavation and exploration in 1891. It is a most interesting chapter in African history, and treated in a graphic style. The illustrations are excellent, many of them taken from photographs by Mrs. Bent, who was one of the travellers. The maps and plans, too, are abundant and finely executed. It is certainly one of the most interesting books of travel of the year.*]

BLACK, H. C.—Notable Women Authors of the Day, 10/6.....Bryce
[*A series of papers reprinted from the* Lady's Pictorial, *descriptive mainly of the personal characteristics and the drawing-rooms of various writers of great and little repute, such as Mrs. Lynn-Linton, Edna Lyall, John Strange Winter, etc. The sketches are accompanied by portraits, which surely do the ladies injustice.*]

BLOOMFIELD, C.—An Old Roman City, a Memorial of the Martyrs Holmes
[*An account of the Roman antiquities of Silchester, to which is added, somewhat irrelevantly, an account of persecution for religion's sake under the Roman Emperors, and in England till the end of the reign of Mary.*]

BOURINOT, J. G.—Historical and Descriptive Account of the Island of Cape Breton .....Brown, Montreal
[*Written by a native of Cape Breton. The island has had a full and varied history, both as Ile Royal and under its present name. This handsome folio volume deals with its history, political and social, and includes a large amount of independent research on the subject.*]

BUXTON, E. N.—Short Stalks, or Hunting Camps, North, South, East, and West, 21/- .....Stanford

Cassell's New Biographical Dictionary, 7/6 .....Cassell

CERVANTES, M. de., Life of.—By J. F. Kelly.....Chapman & Hall

CROSSE, Mrs. A.—Red-Letter Days of my Life, 21/-.....Bentley

DAKYNS, H. G.—The Works of Xenophon, Vol. II., 10/6..Macmillan
[*Vol. II. of this scholarly translation contains Hellenica, Books 3-4, Agesilaus, The Polities, and Revenues. The introduction and notes show serious research on the subjects covered by Xenophon. In the introduction is a very interesting short essay on Xenophon's position as a historian.*]

DAVIS, R. H.—Silhouettes of American Life, 5/- .....Osgood

DOBSON, A.—Eighteenth Century Vignettes, 6/-....Chatto & Windus

DOUGHTY, H. M.—Our Wherry in Wendish Lands .. Jarrold & Son
[*This story of a wherry voyage from Friesland, through the Mecklenburg Lakes to Bohemia breathes out some of the enjoyment that fell to the lot of the voyagers. It is a most pleasantly written book, and will probably tempt many to try for themselves the perils and the joys of the voyage. Some of the pictures are a little amateurish, but they are interesting and numerous.*]

DOUGLAS, J.—Bombay and Western India, 2 vols., 42/- .....S. Low

Eton of Old, or Eighty Years Since, 1811 to 1822, by An Old Colleger, 15/-.....Griffith & Farran
[*See p.* 123.]

FERRAR, N., his Household and his Friends, edited by Rev. T. T. Carter, 6/-.....Longmans

FISHER, G. P.—The Colonial Era in America, 7/6 .....S. Low

GLAVE, E. J.—Six Years of Adventure in Congo Land, 7/6 .....Low

HAKE, G.—Memoirs of Eighty Years, 15/- .....Bentley

HART, A. B.—Formation of the Union, 1750-1829, with maps, 3/6 Longmans

KENNEDY, M. S., Memoir of.—By J. Kennedy, 6/-.....Nisbet

KIRKUP, T.—A History of Socialism.....A. & C. Black
[*An interesting and sensible book. The early history of Socialism, the theories of Proudhon, Louis Blanc, Lassalle, and Marx are dealt with in a popular fashion. Enough general information is given to tempt and guide the reader to make further investigations for himself. The different socialistic schools of the present day are described, and modern tendencies are summed up in the concluding chapter in a way which shows considerable observation and much good feeling.*]

KNIGHT, C.—A Sketch by his Granddaughter, A. A. Clowes, 12/- Bentley

LA FAYETTE, Madame de—The Princess of Clèves, trans. by T. S. Perry, 2 vols., 21/- .....Osgood

LEWIN, W.—Clarke Aspinall: A Biography .....E. W. Allen
[*An interesting biography of a man of great individuality. The late Mr. Aspinall's work as a magistrate and philanthropist deserves to be widely known outside Liverpool, where it was carried on. In presenting his life and character his biographer has depicted a rare type of an English citizen. The volume contains two portraits of Mr. Aspinall.*]

MAINE, Sir H.—Brief Memoir, 14/- .....Murray

MARKHAM, C. R.—History of Peru, 10/6 .....Gay & Bird

MARSDEN, K.—On Sledge and Horseback to Siberian Lepers, 6/- *Record* Press

MORRIS, Rev. John, S.J.—Historical Papers .....C.T.S.
[*Papers on the Spanish Inquisition, the Pallium, the Huguenots, etc. They are strongly argumentative, and all their conclusions will not gain the assent of even tolerant Protestants. But their tone is for the most part reasonable, their statements are based on possible readings of historical evidence, and it is always well to have "the other side" presented as clearly as it is here.*]

NEWBIGGING, T.—Coming of the Friars, 2/6 .....Unwin

NICHOL, J. P.—Victor Hugo, Sketch of his Life, 2/6....Sonnenschein

PARKES, Sir H.—Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History, 2 vols., 32/- .....Longmans
[*An invaluable book for the student of colonial history. The Australian statesman has sunk his personality as much as possible—which will create a further demand for an autobiography—and has filled his two volumes with a mass of information concerning administration and colonial domestic and social questions. Politicians will find them a most useful mine to dig in. The book contains two fine portraits of Parkes in 1854 and 1892.*]

PASKE, C. T.—Myamma, a Retrospect of Life and Travel in Lower Burmah, edited by Aflato, 6/-.....Allen

POLLARD, A. F.—The Jesuits in Poland, 2/6 .....Methuen

RHODES, J. F.—History of United States, 2 vols., 24/-.....Macmillan

ROWBOTHAM, J. F.—The Private Life of the Great Composers, 3/6 Isbister
[*This book is not intended for musicians, but for those persons of no particular occupation who care to know how Beethoven tied his cravat, what Mendelssohn had for breakfast, and at what hour Chopin got out of bed. Over and above these trivialities, however, it must be owned that the book contains a certain amount of information of a personal kind, and some musical and literary criticism of no great value. Portraits of the musicians are given.*]

SAINT-AMAND, J. de—The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII., trans. by E. G. Martin, 5/- .....Hutchinson

SHARP, A. M.—The History of Upton Court, of the Parish of Upton, 25/- .....Stock

SHELDON, M. F.—Sultan to Sultan, Adventures among Masai and other Tribes of East Africa, 21/-.....Saxon

SMITH, G. B.—History of the English Parliament, 2 vols, 24/- Ward & Lock

SPENCE, Very Rev. H. D. M.—Cloister Life in the Days of Cœur de Lion, 21/-. Illustrated by H. Railton .....Isbister
[*This is a picture-book with a text very well worth reading. Its ideal descriptions of monkish life at its best are written with a competent knowledge of the realities and environment of that life. Hugh of Lincoln, St. Edmund, the monks of the Grande Chartreuse pass before us as living forms. Mr. Railton has done his part well, and this "gift-book" is an exceptionally good specimen of its class.*]

STODDARD, C. A.—Spanish Cities, with Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier, 7/6. .....Chapman & Hall

Tales of Adventure and Stories of Travel, 12/6 .....S. Low

THOMPSON, G. E.—Around the Roman Campagna, 4/6 .....Howell

WHITMAN, S.—The Realm of the Hapsburgs, 7/6.....Heinemann

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ALLFREE, G. F., & SCUDAMORE, T. F. J.—Companion to Helps to Higher Arithmetic, 2/6

ALLSOP, F. C.—Practical Electric-Light Fitting .....Whittaker
[*A practical handbook, with up-to-date information and diagrams. It is meant especially for the fitter. A useful chapter, and one of great interest to the householder, is on Fire Office Rules and regulations for Electric-light Installations.*]

ARTHUR, C.—Pharmacopœia of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, 3/6 Thin

BAKER, J. G.—Handbook to the Indeæ, 5/-.....Bell

BALL, R. S.—Atlas of Astronomy, 15/- .....Philip

BLAISDELL, A. F.—Our Bodies, and How we Live and Keep Well, 3/6 Morison

BURN, R. S.—The Carpenter and Joiner, 5/- .....Ward, Lock
" " Technical Students' Introduction to Mechanics, 5/- Ward, Lock

Cabinet Maker, The, a Practical Guide to the Principles of Design, 3/6 Ward & Lock

CADDY, W. H.—Twenty-six Full-size Working Drawings for Wood-carving, 3/6..... Caddy

CANTILLON'S Essai sur le Commerce, 7/- .....Macmillan

CHILD, T.—The Desire of Beauty, 5/-.....Osgood

COLYER, F.—Treatise on Modern Sanitary Appliances, 5/-.....Spon

CORROYER, E.—Gothic Architecture. Edited by Walter Armstrong Seeley
[*A valuable book. The subject is treated from a French standpoint, and most of the illustrations are French. It is, nevertheless, a wonderfully complete account of the principles of the Gothic style, as exemplified in churches, monasteries, and in military and civil architecture. The illustrations are capital, and numerous enough to be a running commentary on the text. The book will be found of much interest by architects and continental tourists.*]

DANTE'S Inferno. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, with Introduction by A. J. Butler, 7/6.....
[*Carey's translation, bound in handsome gift-book style. None of Doré's illustrations are more admired than those for the 'Inferno.' They are somewhat indifferently reproduced, which was perhaps bound to be the case in a popular edition at this price. The introduction is an excellent one.*]

DOYLE, F. C.—Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric, 6/-..Sonnenschein

Economic Journal, The.—Edited by F. Y. Edgeworth, Dec., 5/- Macmillan
[*Among the most notable articles of this valuable review are "London Waterside Labour" by H. Llewellyn Smith, "Government Railways in a Democratic State," by W. M. Blunden, and "Silver in India" by F. C. Harrison. Recent economic literature is reviewed by experts, and there are some interesting notes and memoranda on the Carmaux Strike, the Labour Commission, and the Trades Union Congress.*]

ENDLICH, F. M.—Manual of Qualitative Blowpipe Analysis, 21/- K. Paul

FRITH, H.—Romance of Engineering, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

GEARY, N.—The Law of Marriage, 12/6 .....Black

GORE, J. E.—The Visible Universe.....Crosby, Lockwood
[*An excellent practical handbook of astronomy, with stellar photographs and other illustrations. The student will find it a useful supplement to the manual he may have in use, as it does not merely supply facts, but discusses in an instructive and comprehensive fashion the theories which have been supported by well-known astronomers. It is sufficiently technical to be regarded as a serious educational work, but it is meant as a popular handbook.*]

HAMMOND, W. A.—Sleep, Sleeplessness, and the Derangement of Sleep, 3/6.....Morison

HERTWIG, Dr. O.—Text Book of the Embryology of Man and Mammals, translated by Mark, 21/-.....Sonnenschein
HODGES, J. A.—The Lantern-slide Manual, 2/-.....Hazell
HOSKINS, L. M.—Elements of Graphic Statics, 10/- .....Macmillan
LOLY, G., and GOUJON, L. G. F.—The Illustrated French Grammars, First Course, 1/6 .....Relfe

[*The main difference between this and other elementary French primers is that it includes pictures to help the memory in retaining the French names of the objects indicated. To be of much use these should have been far more numerous. Otherwise the book is successful in combining practice in colloquial French with a knowledge of elementary grammatical rules.*]

MARBURY, M. O.—Favourite Flies and their Histories, with Plates, 24/- .....S. Low
MATHEWS, J. M.—Diseases of the Rectum, 21/- .....Hirschfield
MAYCOCK, W. P.—Electric Lighting and Power Distribution, Pt. 1 Whittaker

[*Intended mainly for students preparing for the ordinary grade examination of the City and Guilds of London Institute. It is written in an easy style, and is very suitable for beginners. The illustrations are good, and a useful feature is the questions with ruled pages for notes.*]

MELZ, B.—New English-Italian and Italian-English Dictionary, 2 vols., 7/6, Pt. 2, Italian-English, 3/6 .....Hirschfield
MEYER, J. G. A.—Modern Locomotive Construction, 42/ ....K. Paul
MUNRO, W.—Leprosy, 3/6 .....Oliver & Boyd
OWEKER, F. B., & WHEELER, S. S.—The Practical Management of Dynamos and Motors, 4/6
PABLO DE SEGOVIA.—With 100 drawings by Daniel Vierge, £3 13s. 6d. Unwin
PRESTON, F. M.—A Manual of Railway Law .....A. & C. Black

[*A clear statement of the law on the subject, meant for laymen rather than lawyers. The appendix deals with changes which will come into operation soon, e.g., the L. & N. W. R. Co.'s (Rates and Charges) Order Confirmation Act, 1891. This handbook should be of real service to business houses.*]

Principles of Pattern Making, The, by a Foreman Pattern Maker Whittaker

[*A practical handbook for apprentices and students in technical schools. It is written simply, a good glossary of terms is provided, it is very fully illustrated, and engineers' pattern makers will find the book can be used without a teacher.*]

QUILTER, H.—Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature, 21/- Sonnenschein
RENSSELAER, Mrs. S. van—English Cathedrals, 25/- ..... Unwin
RUSKIN, J.—The Poetry of Architecture, 21/-.....G. Allen
SCH OFIELD, A. T.—Elementary Physiology, 7/6 .....Cassell
SELBY, A. L.—Elementary Mechanics of Solids and Fluids, 7/6 Frowde
SHAKESPEARE'S Othello. Illustrations and Engravings by L. Marchetti, 21/6.....
SNOW, T., BURNEY, C., & STRINGER, F. A.—The Annual Practice, 1893, 2 vols., 25/-
SWYNNERTON, Rev. C.—Indian Nights Entertainment, illustrated, 31/6 Stock
TENNYSON'S Marriage of Geraint, Geraint and Enid. Edited by G. C. Macaulay, 2/6.....Macmillan

[*This is what a school text should be. The introduction will be found readable by young people. It is not too erudite, but is written with full knowledge of the sources of the legend. The notes are not too lengthy, nor are they forbiddingly etymological. Scholars and teachers will probably both pronounce them helpful.*]

THOMPSON, H. M.—The Theory of Wages, 3/6 .....Macmillan

[*Of real interest, not only to economists but to politicians and intelligent citizens. Mr. Thompson considers his subject in relation to the Eight Hours Question and other labour problems. He is not exactly an orthodox economist, but where he assails authority he does so with an understanding of the principles on which the authority has been built up. Considering the practical questions he is dealing with, he is just a little too doctrinaire.*]

Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, vol. 2, New Series, 8/6
Transactions of the Edinburgh Obstetrical Society, vol. 17, 1891-2, 8/6
WAKEFIELD, H. R.—An Elementary Text Book of Hygiene, 2/- Blackie
WILLIAMS, H.—The Steam Navy of England, 12/6 .....Allen
WILSON, A.—Science Stories .....Osgood

[*Popular papers on scientific subjects. They are written in an interesting fashion, the subjects including features of plant and animal life, the question of food, vegetarianism, the actor's art among animals, etc. The book is sure to rouse interest in science amongst non-scientific readers.*]

WRIGHT, F.—Man and the Glacial Period, illustrations and maps, 5/-

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAYLEY, Mrs.—Home Weal and Home Woe, 5/-.....Nisbet
BOYD, R. N.—Coal Pits and Pitmen, History of the Coal Trade and Ligislation affecting it, 3/6 .....Whittaker
City and the Land. The; Lectures, 3/6..... Watt
CLINTON-BADDLEY, Mrs.—A Little Dog's Diary, 1/6..Digby & Long

[*A children's book, telling of the doings of some dogs and cats and human beings, neither remarkably good nor bad. The illustrations by the authoress are fair.*]

Cook, Mildmay, or the Story of the First Deaconess Institution, 3/6 E. Stock
COX, H., and LASCELLES, Hon. G.—Coursing and Falconry, 10/6 Longmans
COX, J. R.—Horses in Accident, 5/- .....Douglas
DAVIS, H.—Great Streets of the World, 18/-..... Osgood
FOWLER, J. K.—Echoes of Old Country Life, 10/6 .....Arnold
Great Poets' Birthday Album, 3/6..... Eyre and Spottiswoode
HALL, W. W.—Good Health and Careful Living, 3/6 .....Simpkin
HOWARD, C.—Tasty Tit-bits, 1/6..... *Record* Press
Investor's Review, The, edited by A. J. Wilson, Vol. I., 21/-Longmans
MARTELLIUS.—Joy and Health, 3/6..... Cassell
MORLEY, H.—English Writers, 5/-..... Cassell
OSS, S. F. V.—American Railroads as an Investment, 16/-....Wilson
Rat's Plaint, The, an old legend, trans. by A. Little, 5/- .....S. Low
ROGERS, A.—The Land Revenue of Bombay, 30/-.....Allen
Shall Girls Propose? 1/6..... Gay & Bird
Squire Tom, Junr.: A Good Little Book for the Grown-up Boys and Girls, 1/6 .....Digby & Long

[*Very amusing, but most dangerous in the hands of young folks. The innocent commentary on the difference between the rules for big and little people is, at least, apt. But the illustrations by the naughty boy are delightful, and sure to tickle both young and old.*]

STREET, J. C.—Sunday Evening Lectures on Popular Subjects, 2/6 Frowde
Successful Life, The, by an Elder Brother, 3/6..... Cassell
WAITE, A. E.—Golden Stairs, 2/6..... Theos. Pub. Co.
WAUGH, E.—Chimney Corner, 3/6..... Heywood
Book of Marvellous Adventures, The. Scott Library. 1/6.... Scott

[*This, along with another previously published volume of the Scott Library, completes the text of Malory's Morte D'Arthur. The present one includes the last twelve books. Mr. Rhys has written an interesting introduction.*]

Child Life Almanack, 1893, by A. M. Clive Bayley, 1/.....Philip

[*This almanack should hang on the walls of every school-room. Besides the usual information about anniversaries, signs of the zodiac, the quarters of the moon, etc., it contains really admirably selected notes on the flowers, beasts, and birds that may be watched or expected at the different seasons.*]

CHURCH, Rev. A. J.—Stories from the Greek Comedians.....Seeley

[*An excellent addition to Mr. Church's admirable series of classical stories. Aristophanes has been drawn upon largely, while the authors of the New Comedy, Philemon, Diphilus, Menander, and Apollodorus, have contributed some entertaining stories. The illustrations successfully reproduce the antique spirit.*]

GRID.—Real Cookery, 2/-..... Unwin

["*Grid*" *is a cook of strong opinions, and capable of withering scorn for offences against simplicity or common sense or, sometimes, for those against her own theories. But, on the whole, it is a book that can honestly be recommended to all housewives, or even bachelors, for its unconventionality and excellent sense.*]

HOWARD, Lady C.—Tasty Tit-Bits and Dishes Dainty, 1/6 *Record* Press

[*A wonderful little book. It contains a large number of practical recipes, specially meant to stimulate invalid appetites, but most of them suitable also for the healthy. Pt. 2 deals with "Recommended Specialities," and in these days of advertisement it is well for housewives to have some guide to what is good among the many things brought under their notice.*]

Humour of Italy, The, translated and selected by A. Werner. Illustrated by A. Fald, 3/6..... Scott

[*A selection from writers old and new. In the effort to make it representative the Editor has admitted a good deal of not very high literary merit, but in so doing has given us at least an opportunity of judging of the ordinary literature that passes current in Italy. Till now we have only imported classics. The illustrations enter into the spirit of the text.*]

JACOBS, J.—Tennyson and In Memoriam.—An Appreciation and a Study, 2/- .....Nutt

[*Thoughtful and really valuable contributions to the study of Tennyson as an artist. The syllabus, the "scientific and objective" study of 'In Memoriam,' and the list of imperfect rhymes in it is at least a curious example of literary industry. The little book is charmingly printed.*]

LAKE, N.—Daily Dinners, 2/6 .....F. Warne

[*A collection of 366 well-selected menus in English and French, with a few notes to explain the composition of some out of the way dishes. It will be found useful for those housewives whose duty goes no further than ordering dinner.*]

LEE, W. J.—Treasures of the British Museum, 3*d*.....Curtice

[*A brief, popular handbook descriptive of the "things to look at in a day's visit" to the Museum. Its brevity is a real recommendation, and the little handbook is likely to be of use to bewildered strangers.*]

LYTTELTON, Rev. the Hon. E.—Mothers and Sons, or Problems in the Home Training of Boys, 3/6 .....Macmillan

[*Parents may not agree in all points with the views of the Headmaster of Haileybury, but they will find plenty of food for thought in his book, and boys too will probably be all the better for the parents having read it.*]

March Hares and Their Friends, by T. A. .....Dean

[*A picture-book full of boisterous amusement.*]

MASTERS, E. T.—The Gentlewoman's Book of Art Needlework, 6/- Henry

[*An account, partly historical, of ancient and modern embroidery and lace. In the space at her disposal Miss Masters is bound to fall very far short of Lady Alford in her treatment of the subject, but as a popular account this book is very successful. The few designs given are good, but not very well reproduced. It is written in a most readable style.*]

MORGAN, J. H.—The Epworth League.....Champness, Rochdale

[*The Epworth League was founded by the Methodists of the United States to promote religious and mental culture among young men and women. An attempt has been made to form branches in this country, and it is the aim of this pamphlet to make known its objects and give suggestions for further organisation.*]

Nonsense Birthday Book, A.—Compiled from 'The Book of Nonsense,' etc., by Edward Lear, 3/6 .....Warne

[*This deserves to be the most popular of all birthday books. It is calculated even to make old folks smile when such a painful subject as birthdays is mentioned. As for young people they will feel with Mr. Ruskin, that they don't know any other author to "whom they are half so grateful" as Edward Lear.*]

SELBORNE, Earl of ROUNDELL.—Hymns, Their History and Development.....A. & C. Black

[*A beautiful reprint, with additions, of an article from the* Encyclopædia Britannica, *vol. xii. The additions are so important, however, as to make almost a new work. The development of hymn writing in the Greek and Latin Churches, in Germany and England, is traced in an interesting fashion, and the publishers have given the book a most attractive garb.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between November 15th and December 15th, 1892:—

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL.

1. The Ballad of Beau Brocade, by Austin Dobson. 5s. (C. Kegan Paul.)
2. Eighteenth Century Vignettes, by Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. The Memories of Dean Hole. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
4. Student and Singer. Reminiscences of Charles Santley. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
5. Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, by Wingate. 21s. (Low.)
6. Extinct Monsters, by Hutchinson. 12s. (Chapman & Hall.)

LONDON, E.C.

THEOLOGY.

1. Bruce, Apologetics. 10s 6d. (Clark.)
2. Smyth, Christian Ethics. 10s. 6d. (Clark.)
3. Stokes, Acts. Vol. 2. 7s. 6d. (Hodder)
4. St. Peter's Gospel. 3s. Cambridge.
5. Westcott's Gospel of Life. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Sinclair's Servant of Christ. 5s. (Stock.)

POETRY.

1. Gale, A Country Muse. Vol. 2. 3s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)
2. Tennyson, Death of Œnone. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Watson's Lachrymæ Musarum. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. Dobson, Ballad of Beau Brocade. 5s. (Paul.)
5. Meredith, Jump to Glory Jane. 5s. (Sonnenschein.)
6. Tennyson's Poems. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1. Henty's Beric the Briton. 6s. (Blackie.)
2. Ingelow, Stories told to a Child. 2s. 6d. (Gardiner.)
3. Lang's Green Fairy Book. 6s. (Longman.)
4. Indian Fairy Tales. 6s. (Nutt.)
5. Hope, Stories of the Far West. 2s. 6d. (Nimmo.)
6. Marshall's In the Service of Lady Russell. 5s. (Seeley.)

GENERAL LITERATURE.

1. Memories of Dean Hole. 16s. (Arnold.)
2. Ruskin, Poetry of Architecture. £1 1s. net. (Allen.)
3. Hamerton's Man in Art. £3 13s 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
4. Swynnerton's Indian Nights. 31s. 6d. (Stock.)
5. Cairo. Stanley Lane Poole. 16s. (Virtue.)
6. Besant's London. 18s. (Chatto.)

It would be impossible at this season of the year to do justice to the sales of the month by the selection of only six books out of those issued. Fine and large paper editions still command a ready sale in the market, and good prices are obtainable.

Booklets and dainty editions of works suitable for Christmas presents sell easily. Works by Barrie, Kipling, Lang, Meredith, Hardy, and volumes in the Preachers of the Age Series are saleable lines.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mr. William Watson: Lachrymæ Musarum.
2. Mr. William Watson: Poems.
3. Sir John Lubbock: The Beauties of Nature.
4. The Novels of Jane Austen. 10 vols. (Dent.)
5. Mr. Austin Dobson: The Ballad of Beau Brocade.
6. Major Wingate: Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp.
7. Richard Jefferies: The Toilers of the Field.
8. Mr. Lucy: Diary of the Salisbury Parliament.
9. Mr. Holyoake: Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life. 2 vols.
10. Mr. Ruskin: The Poetry of Architecture.
11. The Memories of Dean Hole.
12. Mr. Besant's London.
13. Mrs. Pinsent: Jenny's Case.

BRADFORD.

1. Ballad of Beau Brocade, by Dobson. 5s. (K. Paul.)
2. Where Duty Lies, by Hocking. 2s. 6d. (Warne.)
3. Green Fairy Book, by Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
4. City without a Church, by Drummond. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
5. The Four Men, by Stalker. 2s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
6. Tennyson's Works—all forms.

BURNLEY.

1. Waugh's, Edwin, Works, 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each, full sets. (John Heywood, Manchester.)
2. Lubbock's Beauties of Nature. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Lang's Green Fairy Book. 6s. (Longman.)
4. Tess of the D'Urbervilles. 6s. (Osgood.)
5. Symonds, J. A., The Life of Michel Angelo Buonarroti. 2 vols., both L. and S. Paper. (John C. Nimmo.)
6. Ball's, Sir R., Books on Astronomy, pub. by Cassell and others.
7. From Australia and Japan, by A. M. 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott.)

And hundreds of new yearly vols. of illustrated magazines, also novels, tales, biography, history, etc., etc.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Boys' and Girls' and other Annuals.
2. Sherlock Holmes. (Newnes.)
3. Poets of the Century. (Hutchinson.)
4. Border Edition of Waverley. (Nimmo.)
5. Burnett's Dolly. (Warne.)
7. City without a Church. (Hodder.)

TAUNTON.

1. Sir Roger de Coverley, with Thomson's Illustrations.
2. Ruskin's Poetry of Architecture.
3. Tennyson's Poems.
4. Jefferies' Toilers of the Field.
5. Indian Fairy Tales.

EDINBURGH.

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